★ Aug. 30, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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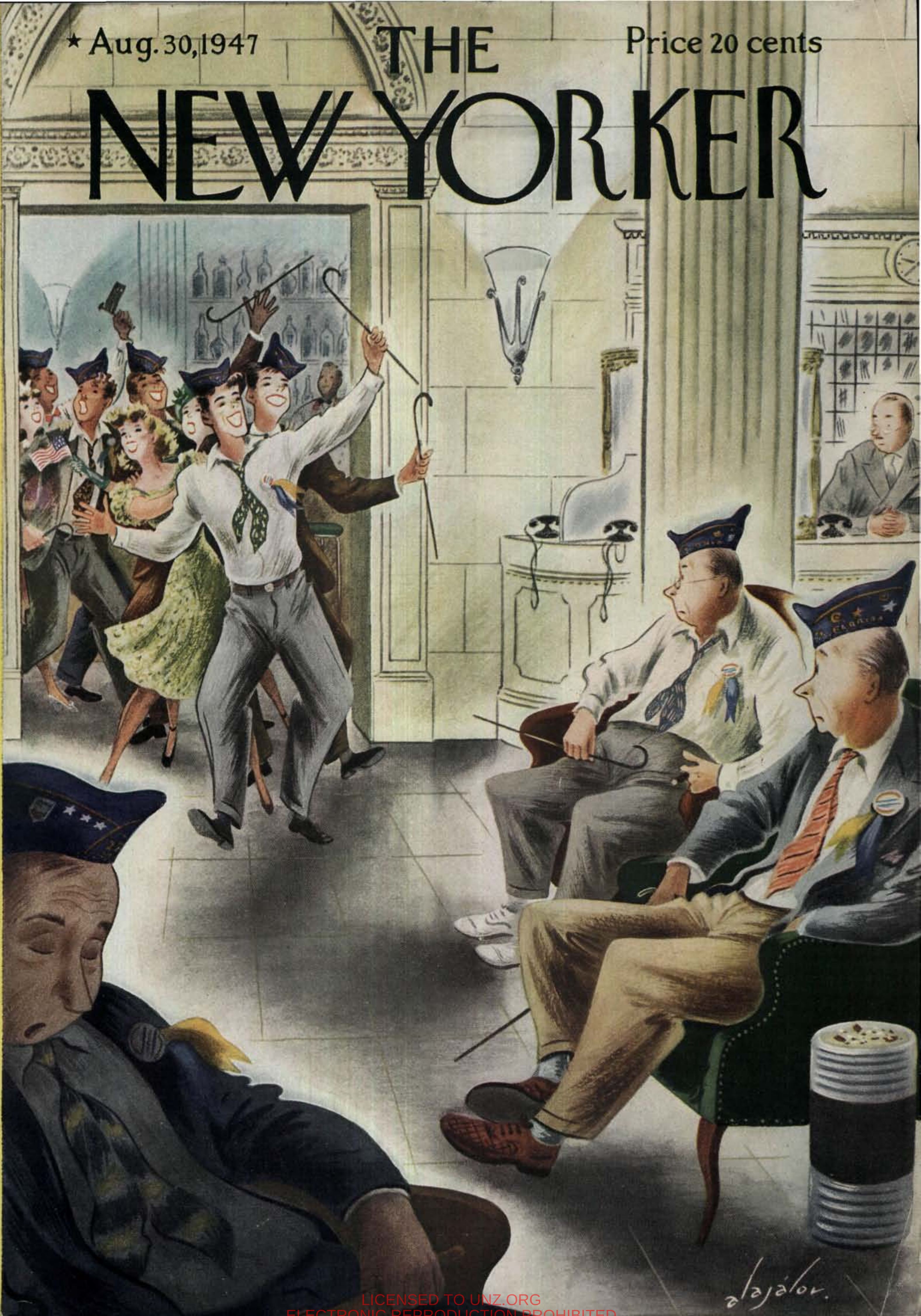

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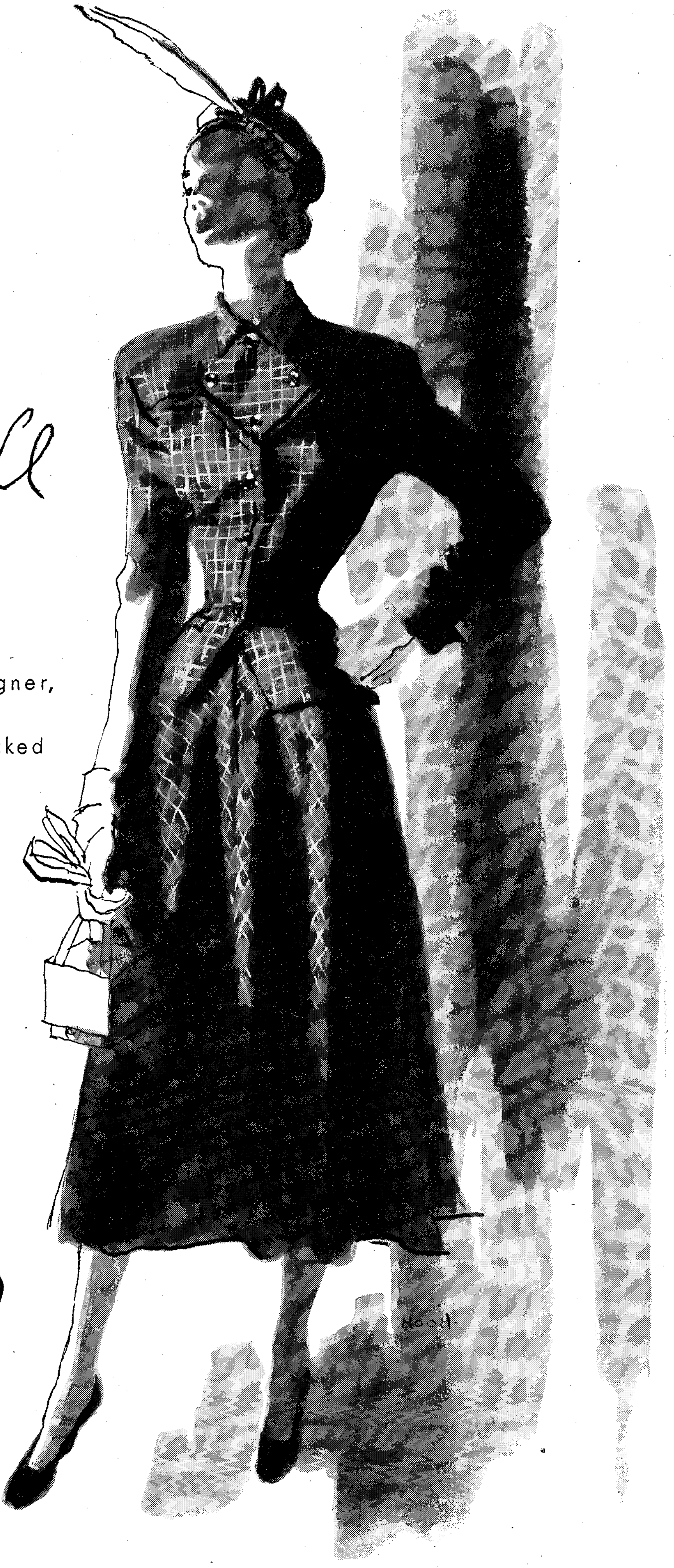
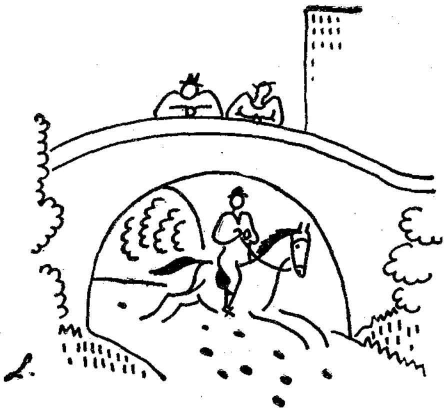


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the managements of some theatres will rearrange their *matinée schedules* because of Labor Day. There may be further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2 :40; special matinée Monday, Sept. 1.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy dish of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided no little by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something about the reformation of a sissy at a boys' summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Sept. 2, at 8 :40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2 :40; special matinée Monday, Sept. 1.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday will return to her role of the enlightened tramp on Monday, Sept. 8. Paul Douglas continues as the scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2 :40; special matinée Monday, Sept. 1.) . . . **burlesque:** Bert Lahr in the revival of the 1927 hit. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8 :40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **happy birthday:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Sept. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :40; special matinée Monday, Sept. 1.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay will be back on Monday, Sept. 1, taking over from James Stewart. Josephine Hull remains. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :40.) . . . **state of the union:** Republican politics and principles. With Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :35. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2 :35; special matinée Monday, Sept. 1.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** The one about a sergeant and his two girls. Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford are the cast these days. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2 :30.)

Finian's Rainbow—A bright, dancing musical, which is hindered rather than helped by a plot that turns a leprechaun loose in a Tobacco Road state. With David Wayne, Dorothy Claire, and Donald Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow head the troupe. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :40.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight, Mark Dawson, and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :40.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :30.) . . . **call me mister:** Life as it never was in the Army—or out of it, either. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :35.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Now and apparently forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :30. Matinées Thursdays, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2 :30; special matinée Monday, Sept. 1.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Magic Touch—A comedy by Charles Raddock and Charles Sherman, directed by Herman Rotsten and produced by John Morris Chanin. The cast includes Howard Smith, William Terry, and Frances Comstock. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 3. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8 :40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2 :40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8 :15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8 :40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :40 and Sundays at 3. Special performances on Thursday, Aug. 28, at 2 :40, and Monday, Sept. 1, at 2 :40 and 8 :40.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(The weekend of September 6 just about marks the end of the out-of-town theatre season, although a few of the companies plan to carry on for a while longer.)

Abingdon—Thursday, Aug. 28: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Friday, Aug. 29: "Years Ago." Saturday, Aug. 30: "Arsenic and Old Lace." Monday, Sept. 1: "John Loves Mary." Tuesday, Sept. 2: "The Hasty Heart." Wednesday, Sept. 3: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Thursday and Friday, Sept. 4-5: "Arms and the Man." Saturday, Sept. 6: "Twelfth Night." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 :30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: To be announced. (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :30. Matinées Fridays at 2 :30.)

Brattleboro—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): Ilka Chase in a new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly at 8 :40.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: A new play, "Personal Island." Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 2-6: To be announced. (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8 :40.)

Burlington—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-7: To be announced. (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Three's a Family." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: Elaine Barrie in "Hedda Gabler." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :45. Matinées Saturdays and Monday, Sept. 1, at 3.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly at 8 :30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: "Kiss and Tell." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-7 (end of the season): "Private Lives." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8 :45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

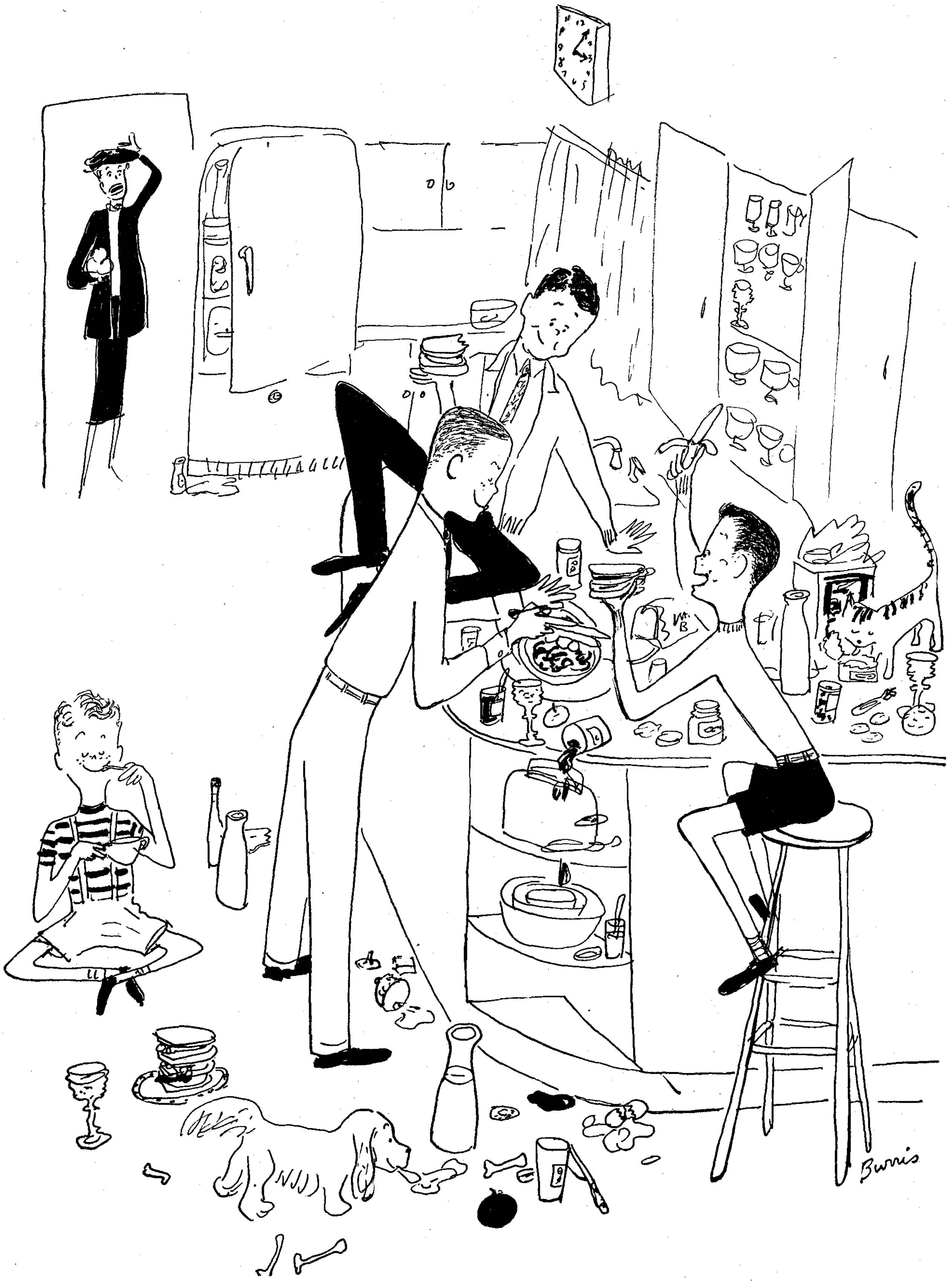
Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Friday at 2 :30.)

East Hampton—Through Monday, Sept. 1 (end of the season): "Best Foot Forward." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8 :45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Dear Ruth." Starting Monday, Sept. 1: "Anything Goes." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 :20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 :20.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: A new play, "The Name of Action." Monday

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 28, August 30, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Pan-America and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and Tuesday, Sept. 1-2 (end of the season): "Hansel and Gretel." (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): "Laura." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Friday at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: "The Glass Menagerie." (Finger Lakes Drama Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Conrad Nagel in "The Petrified Forest." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (end of the season): William Eythe in "The Glass Menagerie." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Charley's Aunt." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (end of the season): "The Beautiful People." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): Paul Muni in "Counsellor-at-Law." (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly at 8:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): "The Glass Menagerie." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly at 8:30.)

Middlebury—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): "Dear Ruth." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly at 8.)

Millburn—"Rio Rita." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): "Years Ago." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly at 8:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 28: "An American Tragedy." Friday, Aug. 29: "The Great Big Doorstep." Saturday, Aug. 30: "The Sea Gull." Monday, Sept. 1: "The Great Big Doorstep." Wednesday, Sept. 3: "An American Tragedy." Thursday, Sept. 4: "Androcles and the Lion." Friday, Sept. 5: "Among Ourselves." Saturday, Sept. 6: "Uncle Vanya." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Special performance Monday, Sept. 1.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Shirley Booth in "My Sister Eileen." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: A new play by Gian-Carlo Menotti, "A Copy of Madame Aupic." Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-7 (end of the season): "There's Always Juliet." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Monday and Tuesday, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "Arsenic and Old Lace." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: "Dear Ruth." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (end of the season): Peggy Wood in "The Fatal Weakness." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: "The Hasty Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, Sept. 2-7: "The Strawberry Social." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): A new play, "Return at Night." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (end of the season): Paul Muni in "Counsellor-at-Law." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Monday, Sept. 1 (end of the season): "No Exit." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30.)

Ridgefield—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 2-6: To be announced. (Ridgefield Summer Theatre, Ridgefield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, Aug. 31 (end of the season): Faye Emerson in a new play, "Profile." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:45.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: "On Borrowed Time." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: "Guest in the House." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 30 (end of the season): Peggy Conklin in "Dream Girl." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 30: Alfred Drake in "The Pursuit of Happiness." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6: Alexander Kirkland in a new play, "My Fair Lady." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 31: "Three's a Family." Monday through Saturday, Sept. 1-6 (end of the season): Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Sunday, Aug. 31, Saturdays, Aug. 30 and Sept. 6, and Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 2:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Subterranean, and therefore fairly remote from the summer sun, but prettied up with thriving plant life just the same. Basil Fomeen's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The airy Cascades offers Rosario and Antonio, the dancers, at dinner and supper, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Caligula might have found it a trifle ornate, but the customers seem to like it fine. Peter Walters plays the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra provides dance music afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo takes charge of the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and there is dancing all evening to Emile Petti's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—You can while away your evening under this particular greenwood tree dancing to Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, there's the lush music of Irving Conn's orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dean Murphy, a fellow who does imitations. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Fina's orchestra plays for dancing on the Starlight Roof, and Ginny Simms sings at supper. Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter; no dancing. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Walter Gross at the piano after ten. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. (Closed weekends during the summer.) . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent, playing the piano until nine. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A small orchestra plays for tea dancing and during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Dorothy Jarnac and dance music by Dave Martin's orchestra. It's all rather pallid these summer nights.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): A show as complicated as the solar system, with Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello largely in the ascendant; dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Lena Horne, a decorative singer, along with the usual rackety show; Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, managing to keep his head well above these choppy waters; dancing.

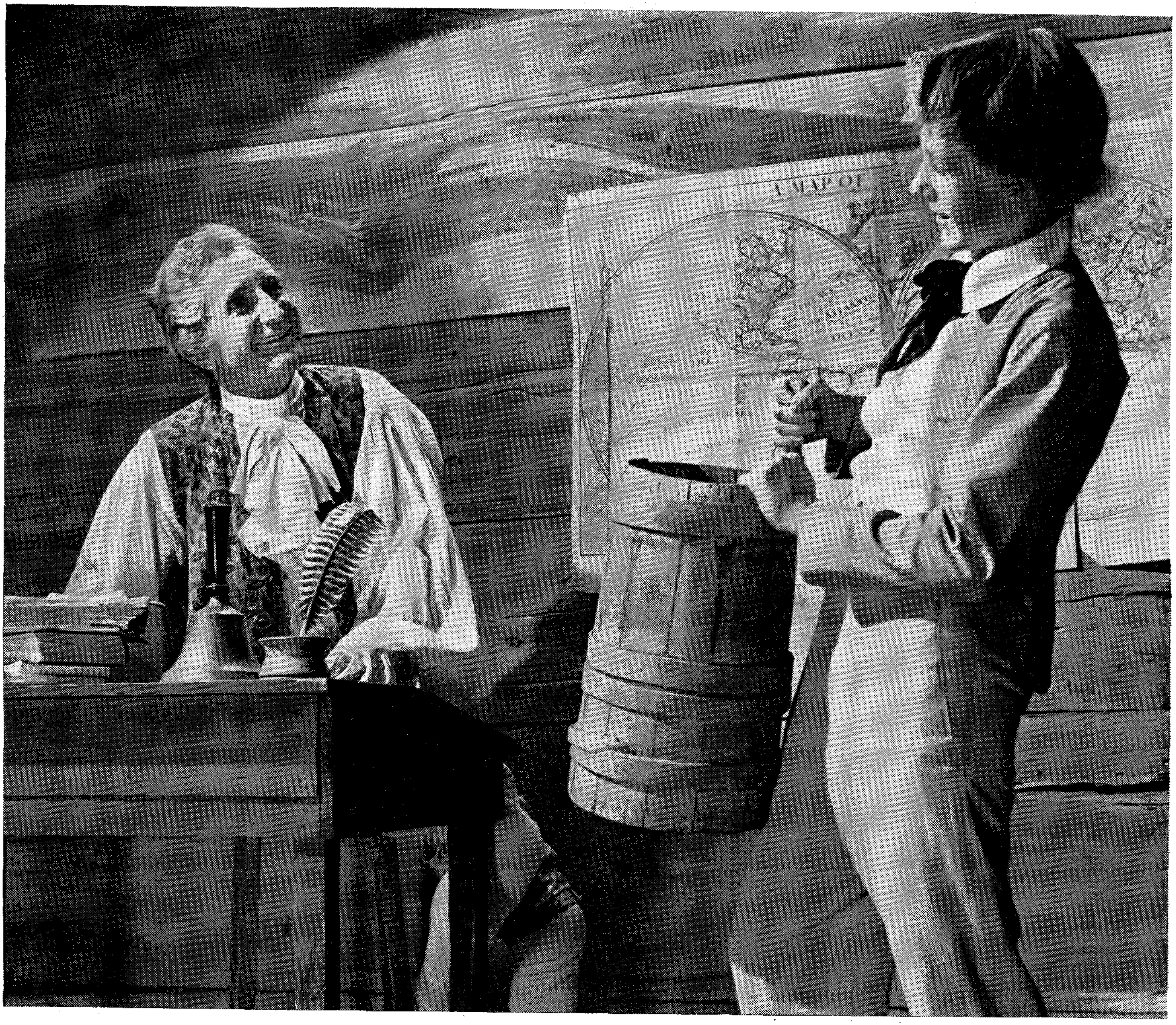
SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): An unimpressive summer show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Some bright comedy by Louise Howard, plus Spivy herself, who contributes a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A number of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Georg Brunis, Wild Bill



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Davison, and Pee Wee Russell. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Freddie Ohms, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio. There's a jam session every Monday evening. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ella Fitzgerald will be the attraction here after Thursday, Aug. 28, replacing Dizzy Gillespie's band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Skinnay Ennis's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): An airy retreat with all Central Park for a front yard. Alfred Menconi's dance orchestra. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): This leafy bower used to be restricted to sheep, but now there's dancing to Alan Holmes' orchestra. . . . **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): An uptown dude ranch, equipped with a vista of the Hudson and Grant's Tomb that ought to suit any mood; dancing. . . . **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): The outlook from this open-air garden is well worth the ride to Brooklyn; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Shep Fields' orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91). . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253). . . . **CENTERPORT, L.I.**: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.**: Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **WESTON, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. Unless otherwise noted, they will all be closed on Labor Day.)

AMERICAN FOLK ART—Paintings, as well as weathervanes, figureheads, and other examples of primitive handicrafts, recently acquired by the Downtown Gallery; also, a show of contemporary paintings. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Aug. 29.)

GROUPS—At the **ARTISTS**, 61 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Hans Boehler, Maurice Golubov, Victor DePauw, and others; through Aug. 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by Aaron Bohrod, Joe Jones, Sigmund Menkes, and most of the other gallery associates; through Sept. 13. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns; through Aug. 29. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg and other artists affiliated with this gallery; through Aug. 29. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's home team of exhibitors; through Aug. 29. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings; through Sept. 5. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.: Picasso, Braque, Carl Holty, and others; through Sept. 6. . . . **NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY**, 38 W. 57th St.: Silk-screen prints of New York scenes, by members of the Society; through Sept. 20. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists; through Sept. 12. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces; through Oct. 4. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and a few sculptors; through Sept. 13. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer; through Sept. 5.

OUT OF TOWN—A large exhibition of paintings by William Sydney Mount and his two brothers. (Suffolk Museum, Stony Brook, L.I. Wednesdays through Sundays and Labor Day, 12:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.) . . . **GROUP SHOWS**: Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday, 1:30 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 14.) . . . ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, including Labor Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 3 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Maine. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sunday, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. (Daily, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 6.) . . . ¶ Guild Hall, East Hampton, N.Y. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 7.) . . . ¶ George Baer Gallery, Salisbury, Conn. (Daily, 2 to 6 P.M.; Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 6.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to modern ones. . . . ¶ An exhibition of figurines, seals, snuffboxes, and all sorts of other small things, arranged so that you can look at them without squinting. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday and Labor Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 1.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to a display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, including Labor Day, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through Sept. 30.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings, in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; closed Tuesday, Sept. 2; through Oct. 15.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of Alfred Stieglitz's photographic work; through Sept. 21. Also Stieglitz's collection of paintings; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, including Labor Day,

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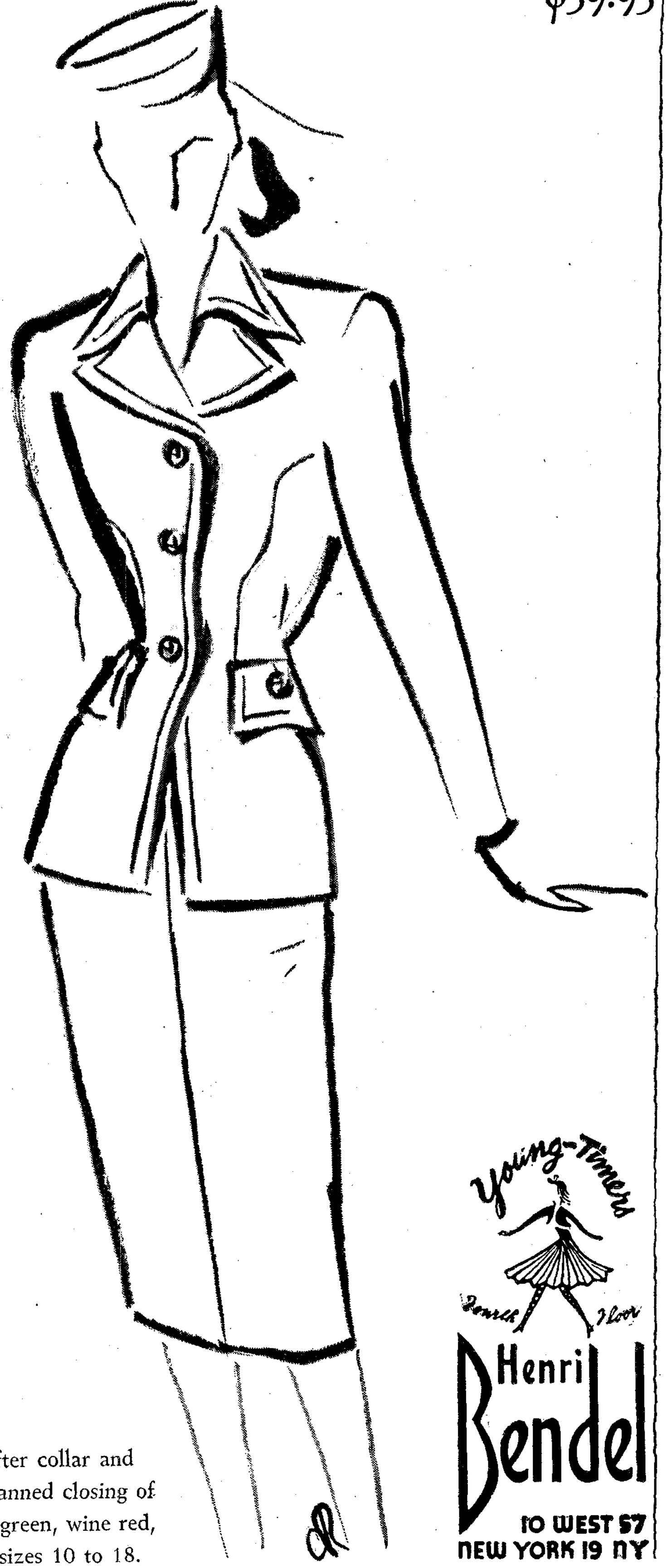

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay, and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 12.)

MUSIC

OPERA—Friday through Sunday evenings, Aug. 29-31, at 8:40: "Don Giovanni," in English. (Lemonade Opera, Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Bunk Johnson, the venerable trumpeter, and Leadbelly are the headliners of this one. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday afternoon, Sept. 6, at 5:30.)

MALL CONCERT—Nicholas Rescigno conducting the last in this year's series of Naumburg memorial concerts. (Central Park Mall. Monday evening, Sept. 1, at 8:15.)

OUT OF TOWN—N.B.C. Orchestra members, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. (Ridgefield, Conn. Saturday evening, Sept. 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Saratoga Spa Music Festival; F. Charles Adler conducting members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony; Carl Stern, cello, opening-night soloist. (Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Starting Saturday evening, Sept. 6, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Friday afternoon, Aug. 29, at 3, and Sunday afternoon, Aug. 31, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At EBBETS FIELD: Thursday, Aug. 28, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Giants. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, at 10 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., Dodgers vs. Philadelphia. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Friday, Aug. 29, at 8:45 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Washington. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Thursday, Aug. 28, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader), Giants vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8:45 P.M., and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Dodgers.

BOXING—Pete Mead vs. Herbie Kronowitz, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 5. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOWS—Catonsville Kennel Club. (Baltimore, Md. Saturday, Aug. 30.) . . . ¶ Lenox Kennel Club. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 30.) . . . ¶ Mason and Dixon Kennel Club. (Hagerstown, Md. Sunday, Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ Great Barrington Kennel Club. (Great Barrington, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ Interstate Kennel Association. (Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. Saturday, Sept. 6.)

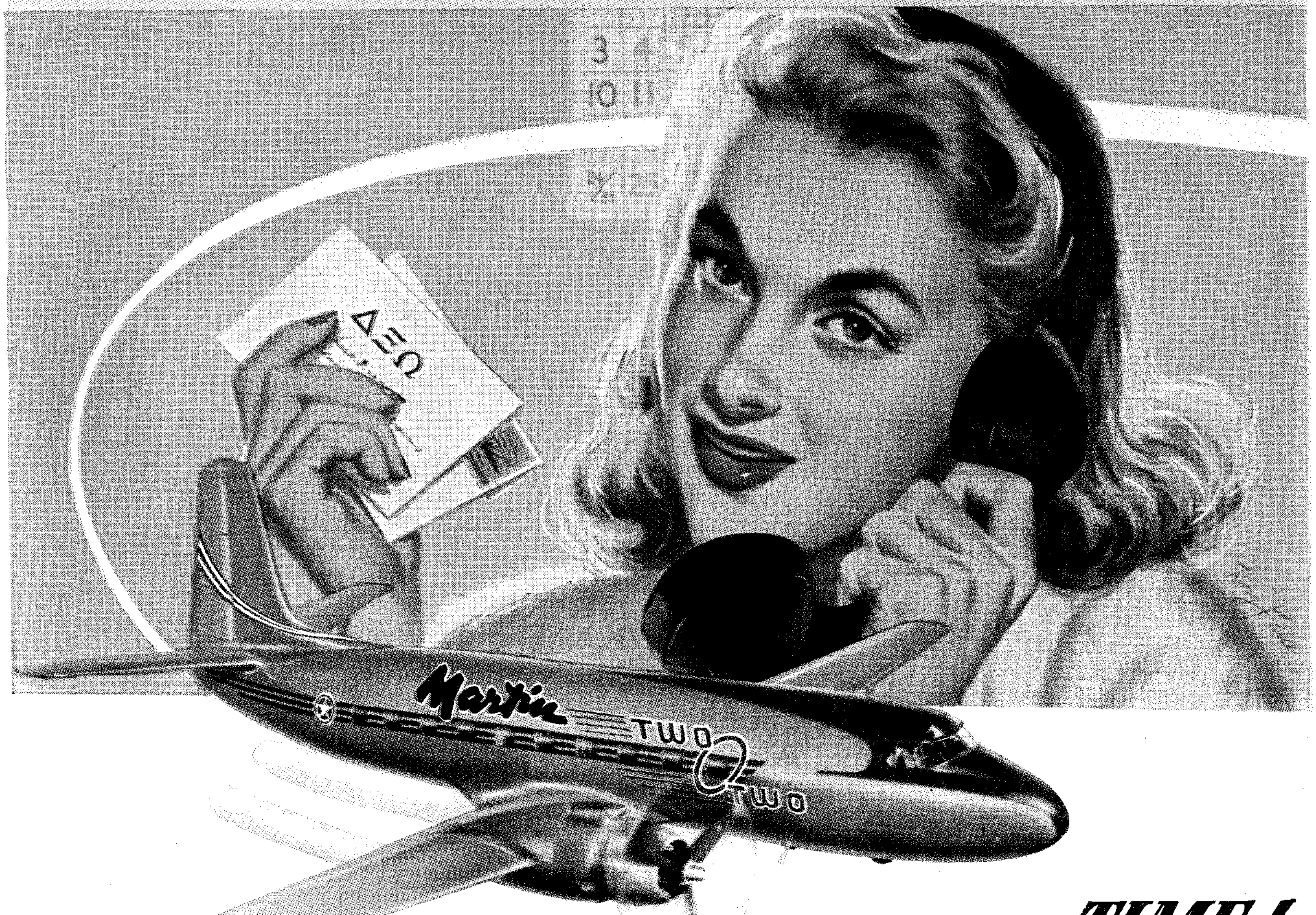
FOOTBALL—Eastern College All-Stars vs. New York Giants, for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Polo Grounds. Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8:30 P.M. For tickets, call PE 6-4000.)

HORSE SHOWS—Rhinebeck Dutchess County Horse Show. (Rhinebeck, N.Y. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 28-29.) . . . ¶ Saratoga County Agricultural Society Horse Show. (Ballston Spa, N.Y. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ Rice Farms Horse Show. (Lake Success, L.I. Sunday, Aug. 31.)

POLO—At BOSTWICK FIELD: Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: First match in the National Open Championship, Sunday, Aug. 31, at 3:30 P.M. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Daily at 2:30 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 30. . . . GARDEN STATE: Weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Valley Forge Handicap, Sept. 6. (A special train to the

"I'D LOVE TO GO . . . BUT HAVE I ENOUGH TIME?"



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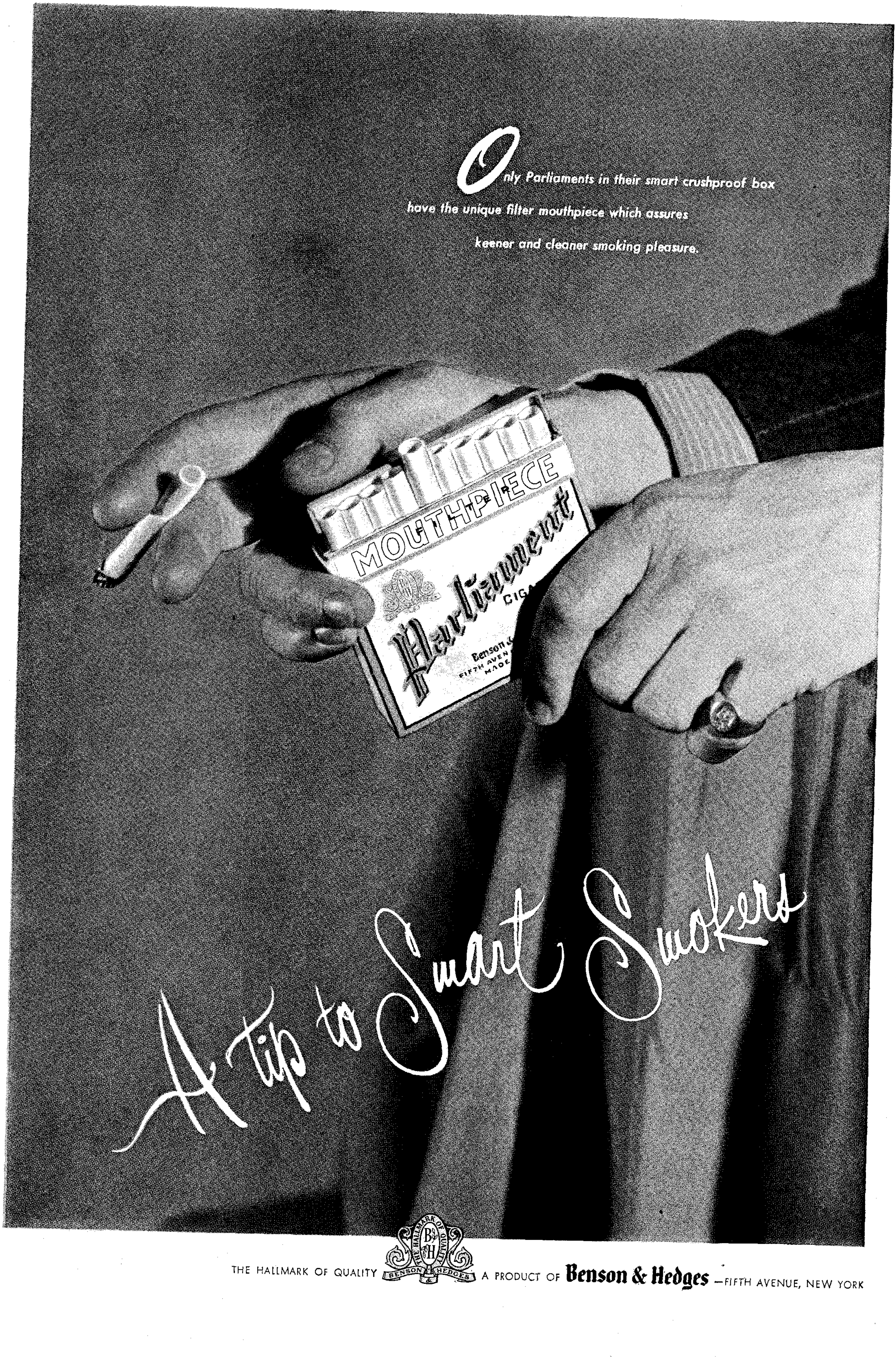
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

track will leave Penn Station at 10:50 A.M., D.S.T.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; starting Monday, Sept. 1. The Aqueduct Handicap, Sept. 1; the Babylon Handicap and the Discovery Handicap, Sept. 6.

TENNIS—Davis Cup Challenge Round. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.; starting Friday, Sept. 5.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M., D.S.T.)

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-7.) . . . ¶ Championship Races on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 30; Port Washington Yacht Club, Sunday, Aug. 31; Larchmont Yacht Club, Monday, Sept. 1.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

AMERICAN LEGION PARADE—Eight to ten hours of fifes, bugles, and the usual tomfoolery. You may find it a good day to go away somewhere. The turmoil starts at 9:30 A.M., Saturday, Aug. 30, at Fifth Avenue and 32nd Street and fritters away at 78th Street.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Drama of the Telescope." Starting on Monday, Sept. 1, there will be a new one, called "A Rocket Trip Around the World." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Photographs of New York slums that Jacob Riis took in the eighteen-nineties, as a part of his crusade for social reform. Interesting as examples of early flashlight photography and as contradictions of the legend that the old days were good. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; closed Tuesday, Sept. 2; through Sept. 14.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

AMERICAN LEGION CONVENTION—Thursday, Aug. 28: Governor Dewey, at 12:45 P.M.; Mayor O'Dwyer, at 1 P.M.; Viscount Alexander, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29: General Eisenhower, at 3:25 P.M.; Admiral Nimitz, at 4:05 P.M.; General Spaatz, at 4:40 P.M.; all on WNYC.

MUSIC—A.B.C. Symphony, Valter Poole conducting, Saturday, Aug. 30, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Aug. 31, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sunday, Aug. 31, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Monday, Sept. 1, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Saratoga Spa Music Festival, F. Charles Adler conducting, Saturday, Sept. 6, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

SPORTS—Racing: The Hopeful Stakes, at Saratoga, Saturday, Aug. 30, at 4:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Tennis: Davis Cup Challenge Round, at Forest Hills, Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2:05 P.M., Sunday, Aug. 31, at 3:30 P.M., and Monday, Sept. 1, at 2:05 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Friday, Aug. 29 (from London), and Friday, Sept. 5 (from Washington), both at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

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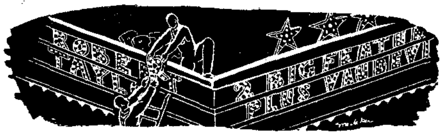
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—Some good dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some good acting by Fredric March, but not enough to warrant your taking this three-hour epic as seriously as it takes itself. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th; starting Sept. 2....¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th; starting Sept. 3.)

Black Narcissus—A difficult story of nuns in the Himalayas, from a Rumer Godden novel, but interesting because of some extraordinary Technicolor camera work and an uncommon cast, which includes David Farrar, Deborah Kerr, and Sabu, the one-time elephant boy. British-made. (Fulton, 210 W. 46th.)

Boomerang!—An engrossing murder trial proving that you can't always trust eyewitnesses. Dana Andrews, Lee Cobb, and Arthur Kennedy. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Crossfire—An unpretentious mystery film, put together along standard lines but sharpened occasionally by candid talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is excellent as a soldier ridden by race prejudice. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th.)

Dear Ruth—A pleasant adaptation of the stage comedy that concerns itself with some wartime romantic mixups on the home front. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd; Olympia, B'way at 107th; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th; through Sept. 2. ...¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; starting Sept. 3.)

Great Expectations—The Dickens story, translated to the screen with fidelity and charm by an English company. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; through Aug. 29....¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; through Sept. 1.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; starting Sept. 3.)

The Hucksters—This interpretation of the Frederic Wakeman novel contains some funny stuff but grows awfully lumpy when it tries to deal with romance. Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Adolphe Menjou, and Sydney Greenstreet. (State, B'way at 45th; through Sept. 3.)

Life with Father—The play based on Clarence Day's stories has been expertly made into a movie, with an excellent cast, which includes William Powell, Irene Dunne, Zasu Pitts, and the child Derek Scott. It is in Technicolor. (Warner, B'way at 51st.)

Miracle on 34th Street—Edmund Gwenn as an old gentleman who throws Macy's into a turmoil because he's convinced that he's Santa Claus. A pleasant fantasy, edged with some neat satire on business methods and the presumptions of psychiatry. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Aug. 28.)

Odd Man Out—The first half of this English picture is as tense as they come, depicting James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. The second part, however, gets all tangled up in baffling symbolism. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Aug. 29-31.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; starting Aug. 29.)

Open City—A deeply moving Italian film that describes the functioning of the Roman underground. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—As James Thurber's daydreaming character, Danny Kaye is often very funny, but clarity is not one of the outstanding virtues of this film. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

Shoe-Shine—An Italian film, telling with beautiful simplicity and terrifying effect the tragedy of two shoeshine boys in Rome. The superb child actors and the picture's unrelenting honesty make it a classic. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—In this reworking of the Broadway show, Humphrey Bogart plays the painter who likes to murder his wives once he has finished their portraits, and he's amply sinister and alarming. With Barbara Stanwyck. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Aug. 28.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; Aug. 30-Sept. 3....¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd; Sept. 1-3.)

Welcome Stranger—A film that is very similar to "Going My Way," except that in this one Bing Crosby and Mr. Fitzgerald are doctors instead of priests. Moderately amusing. With Joan Caulfield and Percy Kilbride. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd.)

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Aug. 29-Sept. 2.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; starting Sept. 3.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—Harry Baur in a screen version of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 1.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; starting Sept. 2.)

48 Hours (1944)—A British piece about an imaginary invasion of England by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Art, 36 E. 8th; Aug. 29-Sept. 1.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Sept. 1.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 29.)

It Happened at the Inn (1945)—Adventures in a rural café. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; through Aug. 30.)

Jericho (1946)—An episode of the French Resistance movement. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Aug. 31.)

Junior Miss (1945)—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; through Aug. 30.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 28.)

The Last Chance (1945)—A Swiss film dealing with refugees fleeing from Italy to Switzerland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; through Aug. 30.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and various other people torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 1-2.... ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 3.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Aug. 28.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; starting Sept. 3.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery concerning Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; starting Sept. 3.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Aug. 30.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as Steinbeck's ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 2.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West. Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 2.)

The Pied Piper (1942)—Monty Woolley leads a covey of children through invaded France. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. James Mason and Ann Todd. An English picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Aug. 29-Sept. 2.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

The Way Ahead (1945)—David Niven in a British film showing how young Englishmen were trained for war. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy about seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th.)

A Yank in London (1946)—Wartime romance between an American sergeant and the daughter of a duke. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger. An English film. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Aug. 28, at 4 and 8 P.M.: "Olympia," Part I (1939)....¶ Aug. 29 and 30 at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Aug. 31 at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: "Olympia," Part II (1939)....¶ Sept. 1 at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., and Sept. 2 and 3 at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: Ten short French films (1905-1910). Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Song of the Thin Man," Myrna Loy, William Powell.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Brute Force," Burt Lancaster.

Fulton, 210 W. 46th. (CI 6-6380)
BLACK NARCISSUS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Roosevelt Story," documentary film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-1665)
"The Kiss of Death," Victor Mature.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Aug. 28: **KITTY FOYLE**, revival; Aug. 29: **THE INFORMER**, revival; Aug. 30: **NOTORIOUS**, revival; Aug. 31: "The Bells of St. Mary's," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby; Sept. 1: **GUNGA DIN**, revival; Sept. 2-3: To be announced.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
WELCOME STRANGER.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Mother Wore Tights," Betty Grable.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Sept. 3: **THE HUCKSTERS.**

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Deep Valley," Ida Lupino, Dane Clark.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Lured," Lucille Ball, George Sanders.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Something in the Wind," Deanna Durbin.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival.

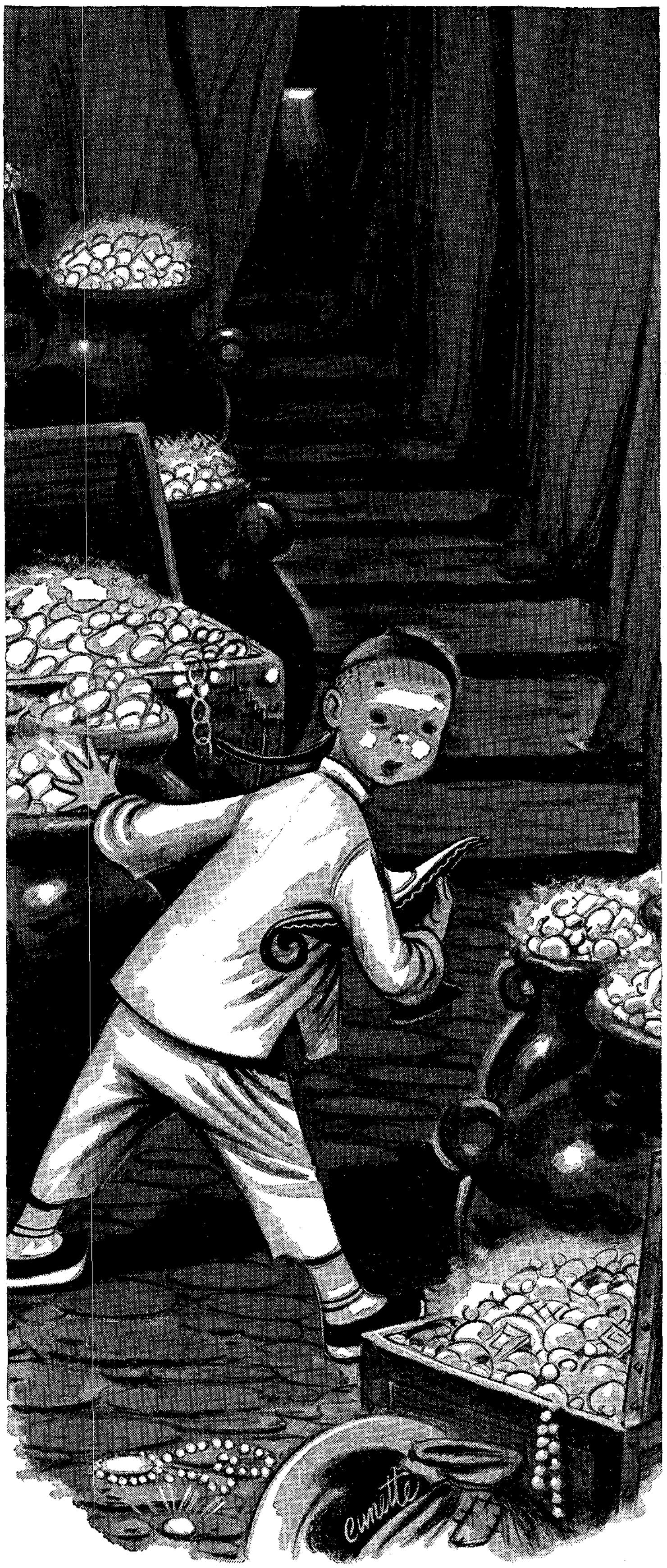
55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



Ever wish you were Aladdin?

You remember him . . .

He was the lucky fellow who found a magic lamp. It gave him everything he wished for—from diamond-crusted palaces to a sultan's daughter as his bride.

You've probably wished a lot of times for a miracle like this to happen to you. Maybe not for out-of-this-world treasures, but for something that will take care of the things that are bound to come up.

Like medical expenses, or college for the kids. Or maybe just for the nice, safe feeling it gives you to have some extra money put aside for the future.

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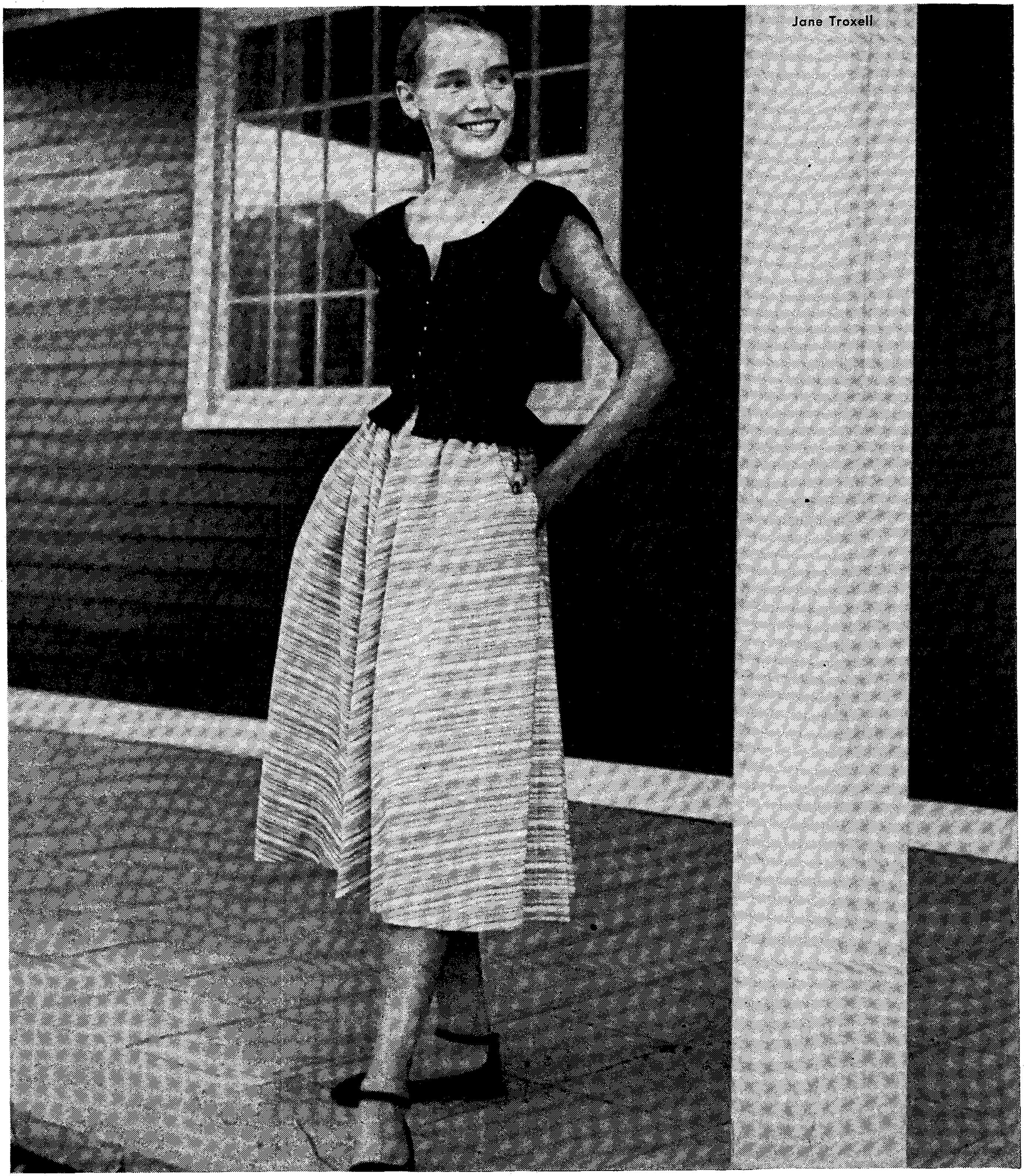


A WIDE SWING OF SKIRT ON THIS NEW JUNIOR EDITION DONE BY A FAMOUS DESIGNER. STRIPED SKIRT IN THIN WOOL, TOPPED BY A MINIMUM OF OFF-SHOULDER COTTON CORDUROY. SKIRT IN BLACK OR BROWN WITH WHITE, JACKET IN BLACK OR BROWN. SIZES 9 TO 15, AT 29.95. YOUNG COLONY, THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. **FIFTH AVENUE**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

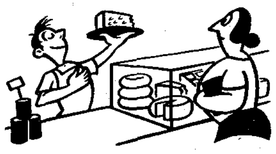
WE had occasion to visit Boston for a few days recently on a minor matter of business and, not having been there in a number of years, spent some of our time wandering around, checking up on our memories. Boston has changed, we can report, but probably not in anything basic. The streets are still the narrowest, dirtiest, and most winding in the world, outside of the Casbah. The movie marquees, which used to be half-size so as not to overhang the curb, have now inched out somewhat, and we saw one that got the whole name of a star on a single line. The town is still unsure of itself as a metropolis; we found you can buy New York papers on many street corners. The number of purple panes in the windows on Beacon Street has diminished, and some windows are now entirely transparent.

Boston still seems to have the biggest sweet tooth in America, and groups of grown men go into ice-cream parlors for lunch. A friend talked us into visiting the Statler for some baked Alaska, but it was all gone when we got to dessert. On another day, we were told that the restaurant we were dining in had the finest frozen-pudding-ice-cream-with-rum-sauce in town, but the place was out of this specialty by the time we ordered it. The Parker House still had plenty of rolls left, however. We passed the Athenaeum at ten in the morning and a man was asleep in the window. A big corner billboard now advertises Poet Cigars, pretty good evidence that the Amy Lowell legend has finally taken hold. We went book shopping one afternoon. The man in Goodspeed's wouldn't sell us anything because we said "*geene*alogy" instead of "*gene*alogy" (our question was "Do you have any books here not about genealogy?") and we ended up by buying a book in Jordan Marsh, a department store with more first editions than Gimbel's. One evening, we had dinner at the Olde Oyster House. The menu still notes that Louis-Philippe used to live upstairs and give French lessons, but when the waitress told us the place didn't stock any dry white wine and we asked her what Louis-Philippe would have said to that, she walked away in dudgeon. We decided to be very careful with our jokes in Boston.

ICE CREAM PARLOR

ONE of the cheeriest, though perhaps not one of the most felicitous, of the greetings that have been extended to the United Nations people came from Mr. Phil Alpert, a cheese merchant, whose stand in the First Avenue Retail Market, on East Tenth Street, has been enlivened since midwinter by a twenty-foot red, white, blue, orange, and black sign reading, "Cheese of All Nations—Welcome U.N.O." Mr. Alpert, who is a small, tense, faintly mustached chap of thirty-three, told us the other morning that he feels honored that the United Nations has picked the East Side of Manhattan for its permanent headquarters. "Who doesn't?" he asked rhetorically. "Especially a man like myself, in a cosmopolitan line of business. Cheese—the cheeses of every known country—is my business. It is my life. I am in love with cheese. Why should I hide my deepest feelings? Before the United Nations, I had another sign, equally sincere: 'Welcome O.P.A.' It is not unusual for me to express my sentiments to the public."

Mr. Alpert's international high-protein romance began when he was twelve, in 1926, after the untimely death of his father forced him out of school and into a job as clerk and errand boy in a Brooklyn grocery store. "The cheese department fascinated me," he said. "The rest was just a living, but in cheese I recognized a career. All types stirred me, even cream cheese and cottage cheese, which, of course, are not real cheeses, because they cannot be stored indefinitely. I started saving my money at once, and in three or four years I was in business for myself, in cheese, in Bensonhurst." Mr. Alpert moved to his present location in 1933, the cheese fanciers of Bensonhurst, we gathered, having had too parochial or isolationist a taste to permit him to indulge fully his restless passion for variety. In the more cosmopolitan atmosphere of Manhattan, he has found happiness. His stock is now the most extensive of any cheese shop in town, he believes, and perhaps in the world. It numbers some three hundred kinds, ranging in price from thirty-nine cents a pound, for Wisconsin Münster, to a dollar seventy-nine, for Italian Pecorino, and including imported Swiss sapsago, Argentine Parmesan, Canadian Oka, French Roquefort, and Holland Edam, and American-made English Stilton, German Limburger, Danish Tilsiter, Italian Bel Paese, Rumanian Kascaval, Turkish Kajmak, Hungarian Brinza, Greek Kasseri, Norwegian Gjetost, Polish Warszawski, et cetera. "A lesson in geography!" said Mr. Alpert, with a wave of his hand. "An education! Cheese of cow's milk, of goat's milk, of sheep's milk. Soft cheese, medium cheese, hard cheese, dehydrated cheese,



and hand cheese, which must be soaked for days in wine before it can be eaten. How do I obtain such a variety? Here is one way: Some guy just off the boat, used to be a cheese maker in the old country, wants the cheese he's used to. He goes one place—they haven't got it. He goes another place—they haven't got it. Then somebody tells him, 'You want rare cheese, something nobody ever heard of, go to Alpert's.' So he comes to me. Ha! Even *I* never heard of it. But I tell him, 'You're a cheese maker. You make it. If it isn't too fantastic, I'll sell it.' In that way, only recently, I obtained my fine Warszawski and my Kascaval. The world is full of wonderful cheeses." An expression of hope and determination appeared on Mr. Alpert's face. "In time," he said, "it is possible that they will all be here at Alpert's."

Mr. Alpert told us that as a result of being in a global game he has become something of a linguist. "I can talk cheese in nine languages," he said. "A guy can ask me for any quantity of any variety of cheese, cut any way he wants and wrapped any way he wants, in English, French, Rumanian, Greek, Spanish, Dutch, German, Hungarian, or Russian. If he wants the time of day, that's something else. To get the answer, he's got to speak English."

◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The depressing motto of the Carolina Theatre, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is "Attend the Movies Regularly. In No Other Way Can You Get So Close to Life for So Little."

Affixed to a large honey locust tree in Glen Head, Long Island, is a sign reading, "Used Tree for Sale."

A bar at Eighth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street is identified on the Eighth Avenue side as Andy Murphy's Bar and on the Forty-ninth Street side as Andrew Murphy's Cocktail Lounge.

Knack

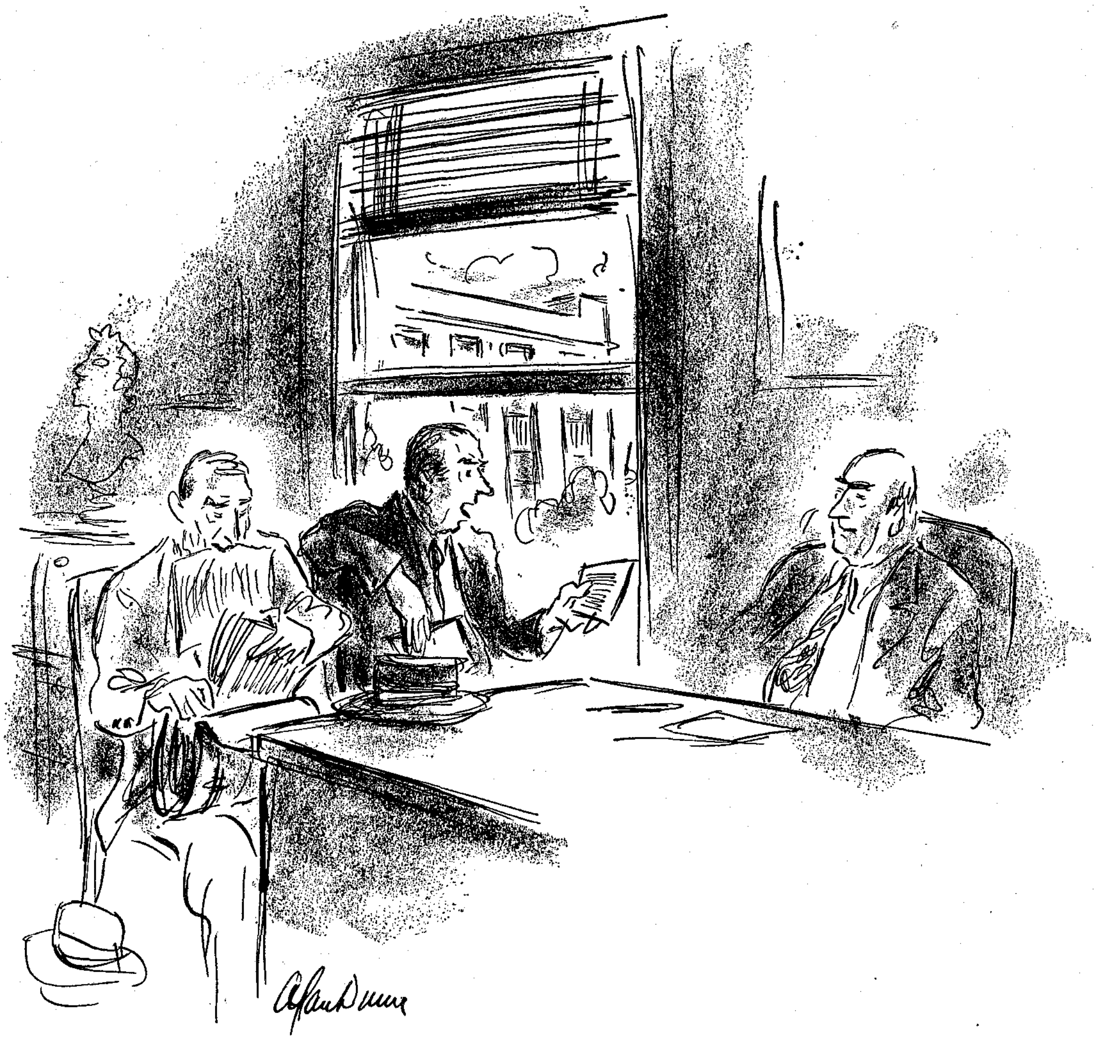
AN enterprising lady recently wrote the Chrysler Company, suggesting that they put small lights over the ashtrays in their 1948 models. She got a surprisingly prompt reply, and one she considers surprisingly informative, also, inasmuch as she learned three things from it: that the Chrysler people take their correspondents seriously, that she is a member of a minority, and how to handle a cigarette in an automobile. She thinks the last information so helpful that it should be passed along, and, agreeing with her, we append the letter she received:

> DEAR MRS. M——:
>
> We realize that there is not a great deal of light around the ashtray and this, of course, has been partly by intention as our customers find that too much light around the dash, particularly, is distracting. We have been advised, however, by a number of Chrysler owners that they find the present lighting situation quite adequate when they follow the practice of holding the cigarette between the thumb and the index finger and advancing the little finger until it locates the edge of the tray and then the light of the cigarette itself gives them all the illumination they need. In addition the finger steadies the arm and makes it easier to get the ashes into the tray.
>
> We feel that if you will practice the above technique you will come to agree with the others referred to, at least we hope this will be the case.
>
> Thanking you for the interest which led you to send in your suggestion to us, we are
>
> Yours very truly,
> CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Hello

SOME days ago, when the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Baltimore & Ohio simultaneously inaugurated telephone service on two of their New York-to-Washington trains—the Congressional Limited and the Royal Blue, respectively—our man Stanley was aboard the Congressional. Except for tests and previews, this was the first time in history that a telephone call was made from or received on a moving train, and Mr. Stanley is not the type to pass up a historic moment. People who consider isolation one of the chief charms of trains will take what comfort they can from the knowledge that this new service has been set up on a class basis and is available only to Pullman passengers; for a while, at least, coach passengers are to be permitted to preserve their oldfangled anonymity and freedom from interruption. Also, according to Stanley, a few technical difficulties came up that first day, though it would be premature to assume that the Bell people have finally gone too far. Telephone service on trains may be, for all we know, undesirable, but it's certain to be perfected.

Stanley reported that one corner of the John Adams, the lounge car in which he took up his station, has been converted into a cozy double booth, with a partition down the middle. On one side of the partition, which is fitted with a sliding glass panel, is a love seat and a conventional French handset for the use of customers; on the other side is an operator, who also has a handset and, at her elbow, a small control box, by means of which she can turn a radio transmitter on and off and get into the proper broadcast channel as the train passes from the range of one so-called land station to the next. The transmitter equipment is located in a tall metal cabinet behind the operator, and the antennae—one for transmitting and one for receiving—are located on the roof of the car. The land stations on this route, each presided over by an operator, are five in number—New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. The train operator always signals the nearest station, naturally, but since the effective range of the present equipment is only twenty-five miles, there are dead spots. When a train passes out of the Newark range, for instance, no calls can be made for eleven minutes, at the end of which period it comes into the Philadelphia range. Once a call can be put through to a land station, you can ask for Albuquerque if you want to. Train and automobile phones use the same channels, with the result that calls are no more private than they are on an old-fashioned party line; furthermore, only one call from a car or a train can be put on the air by any one land station at any one time, so on a particularly busy day a man might put in a call to Washington as he was leaving New York and not get his connection until he was pulling into the Union Station. Call that progress? Rates are the same as for regular day-time, person-to-person calls. Because of the difference in rates from one state to another, the train operator is furnished with a schedule that informs her of the precise moment at which the train crosses a state line and also of the moment at which it passes out of range of land stations. The day Stanley was aboard, the Congressional left Penn Station twenty-one minutes late, the schedule had to be thrown away, and the operator, a handsome and resourceful brunette named Miss Helen Reese, had to improvise.



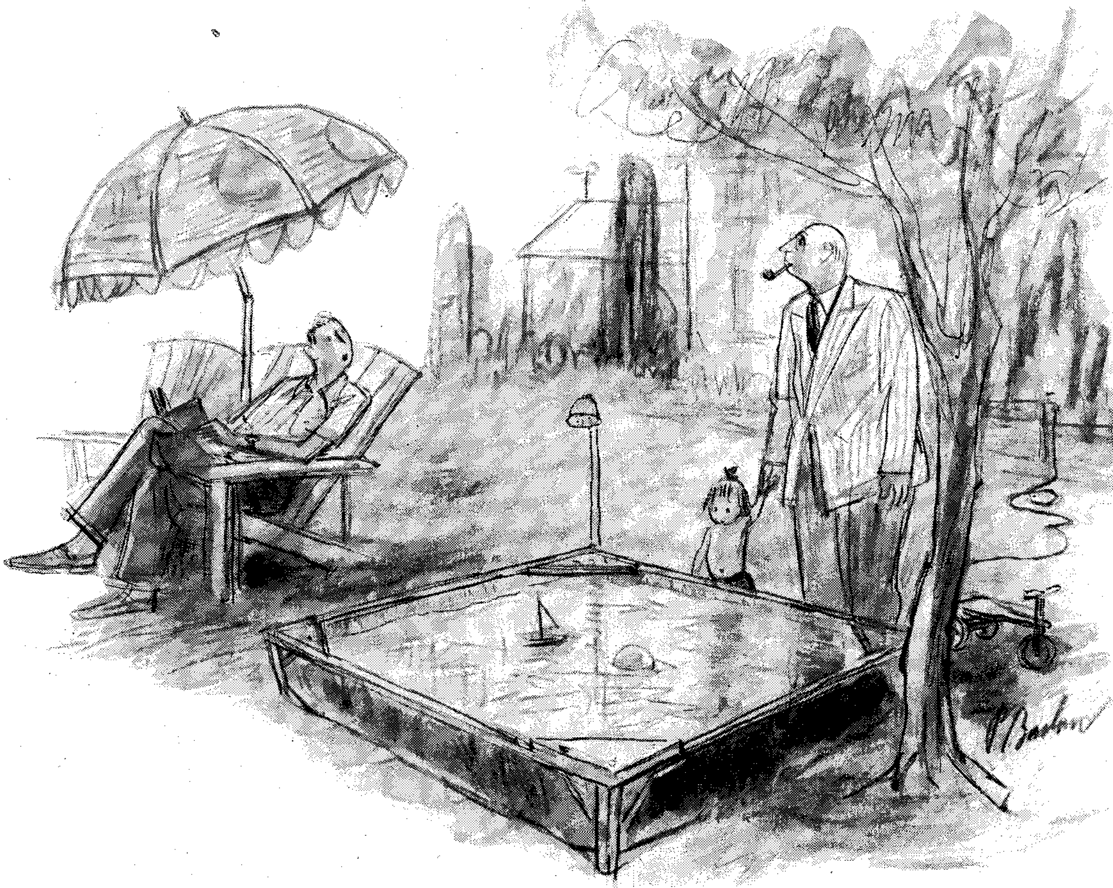
"Here's the record, Chief. He's a member of the Sons of Democracy, the American Friends of Worldwide Democracy, the Guardians of the American Heritage, the People's League for Good Citizenship, the Friends of Freedom, the Conference for the Furtherance of Constitutional Government, the League for the Preservation of American Freedom, the Sentinels of Democracy, the Golden Rule Association, the Society for the Support of the Constitution of the United States, the International Congress for the Furtherance of Democracy, the Conference for the Observance of the Ten Commandments, and the Society for the Preservation of North American Wild Life. We think he's a Commie."

• •

The first call that came through to Stanley's train—and thus the sixth commercial telephone call ever to come in to a train anywhere, five others having been received on the Royal Blue several minutes earlier—was picked up in Newark. "Los Angeles calling Mr. William Wight?" Miss Reese inquired, with a flutter. "Do you know what seat he's in?" The Los Angeles operator didn't, and Miss Reese said that she would have him paged and call Los Angeles back. A passenger agent volunteered to find the significant Mr. Wight. Miss Reese then proceeded to put through the Congressional's first outgoing call. As might have been expected, the passenger making the call was a newspaperman, a Mr. Howard H. Boyce, assistant to the president of General Newspapers, a chain. The call was to Washington and the charge was a dollar and thirty-one cents. When Miss Reese had his party on the line, she rang a buzzer, and Boyce picked up his phone. "Hello, hello, hello," he said, looking miserable. Then he stuck his head through the partition and told Miss Reese that his phone was dead. She solved the problem by handing him her phone, and Boyce began to talk. "All right, Mark, got it?" he said. "This is the first commercial call from the railroad. O.K., shoot. . . . File that with the A.P., too. . . . Goodbye." Boyce hung up, thanked and paid Miss Reese, and walked away contentedly. The next call, as might also have been expected, was made by a radio man. He talked to another radio man—mainly about how fine it was to be talking to each other—for seventeen minutes. Just as he hung up, complaining that the reception had been spotty, the passenger agent returned to say that Mr. Wight was in the diner and wasn't expecting any call from Los Angeles. The train operator thereupon put in a call for the Los Angeles party, who must have insisted on getting through to Mr. Wight at any cost. The passenger agent trotted off again, shaking his head. A couple of minutes later, a short, incisive-looking man with rimless glasses entered the car and identified himself as William Wight. "What's up?" he asked Miss Reese. "Somebody is calling you from Los Angeles," she said. "I know lots of people in Los Angeles, but I don't want to talk to any of them," he said peevishly. Then he turned around and went back to the diner.

Good Conscience

OUR midtown operative got pocketed behind two seemingly conservative ladies in front of McCreery's last



"She won't go in, Uncle Ted, unless someone goes in with her."

• •

Friday and never figured either of them out of the ordinary until one said, "You know, toward the end he wasn't interested in *anything*. The result is I don't *really* feel I killed him."

More Candor

THROUGH the offices of a thoughtful book-reviewing friend, we have read an advance copy of "You're the Boss," the memoirs of Edward J. Flynn, former boss of the Democratic National Committee and perennial boss of the Bronx. There's a blurb on the jacket of the book, which will be available in a week or so to people without access to book reviewers, to the effect that Mr. Flynn's recollections of his political past are told "with complete candor," and as we read along, we came to concur with this statement. Like many storytellers, though, Mr. Flynn has a teasing streak in him, and on several occasions he relates things that startled us but doesn't follow through with enough detail. On page 181, for instance, he says that when the time came to pick a running mate for Roosevelt in 1944, "it was agreed that Truman was the man who would hurt him least," and then doesn't tell who had suggested Truman in the first place; on page 148, he makes the astonishing statement that he thinks William E. Dodd's appointment in 1933 as United States Ambassador to Germany was a case of mistaken identity; on page 163, he recalls that once he got mad while talking long distance with President Roosevelt and that "before he had a chance to explain I very rudely hung up the telephone"—a breach of protocol that is, to our limited knowledge of such matters, unique; and on page 217, near the end of the book, he mentions receiving a letter from Roosevelt in 1944 that said that he, the President, had just had eight stitches taken in his head, a wartime happening we couldn't recall ever having heard about.

Seeking enlightenment on these and other newsy points, we called on Mr. Flynn at his law offices, in the Lincoln Building, last week. He was wearing a fresh white carnation as a boutonnière, a dapper custom to which he has been faithful for twenty years. Like any author on the eve of publication, he greeted us with the question "Do you think my book will go?" We parried that one by asking him to tell us about the Dodd incident. Well, said Mr. Flynn, it seems that Roosevelt had to pick an ambassador to Germany, and Louis Howe vaguely recommended a Professor Dodd, of Chicago. Roosevelt had heard about such a man, thought he would be fine, and told Howe to telephone him and see if he would take the job. Howe, the story goes, consulted a Chicago telephone directory, came upon a Professor Dodd, called him, and got an immediate, and obviously surprised, acceptance. Shortly, it developed that the Dodd that Roosevelt had had in mind was Walter F. Dodd and that the one Howe had got in Chicago was William E. When Roosevelt heard about the mistake, it was too late to do anything. He had a good laugh over it and afterward called Dodd (William E.) "the telephone-book Dodd."

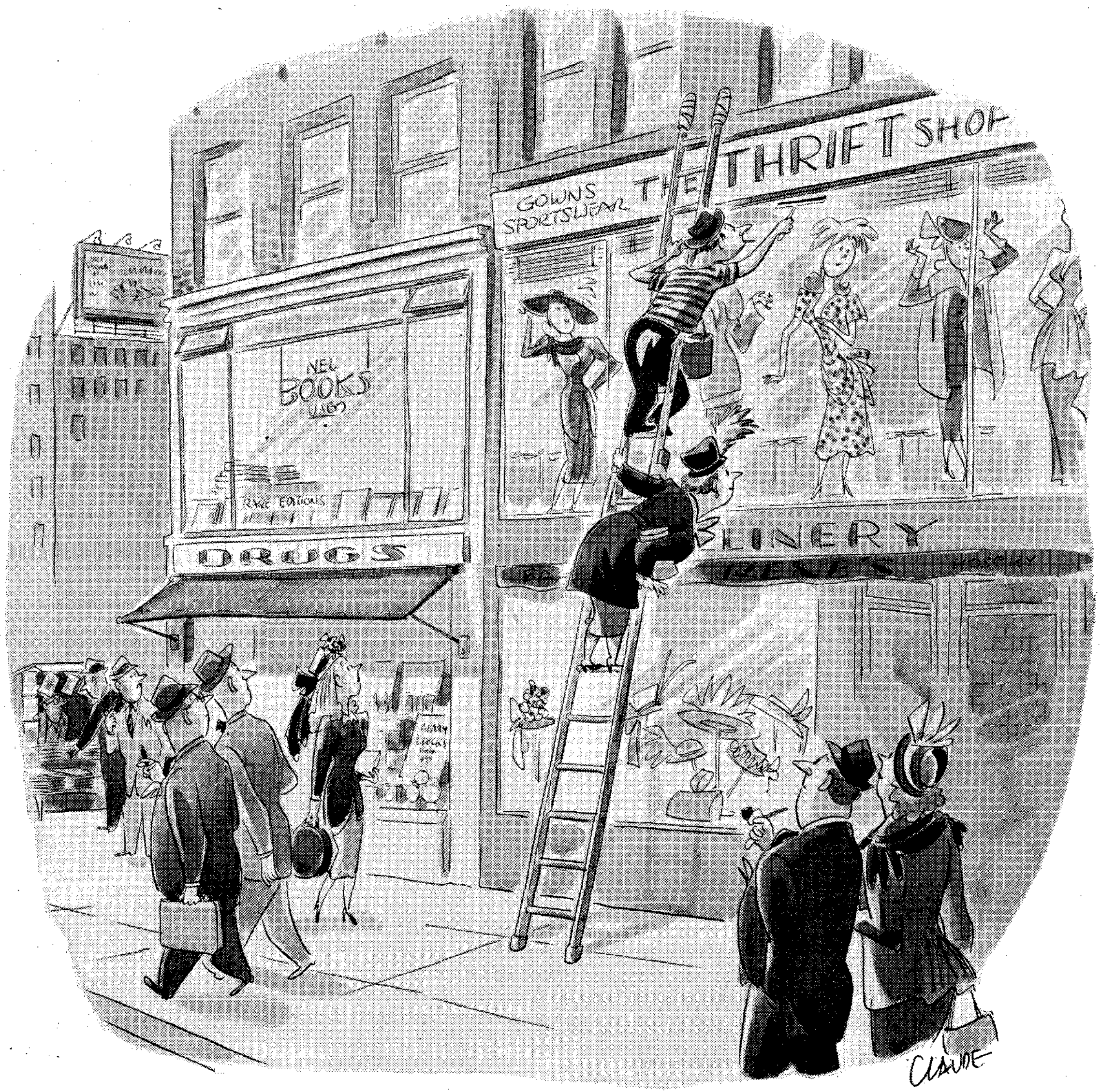
Mr. Flynn has a crystal-clear recollection of hanging up on the President. "No question about *that*," he said. "I was very angry. I was out in California, and some of the New Dealers in the palace guard got Roosevelt to put somebody in a job I'd been counting on for one of my men. I guess Roosevelt thought I might not hear about it, being three thousand miles from Washington. Well, I did. I called him up and gave him hell. I come from the old-fashioned school of respect for authority and I don't ordinarily use bad language, but I did on this call, for a long time, and then I hung up on him. I'd done it before, and I was to do it again. My friendship with Roosevelt was more personal than political, you know, and all good friends quarrel. Anyhow, you never talked to Roosevelt in a stilted way, the way you did to Hoover, who never talked to anybody. Roosevelt was always human, and he always liked stories and gossip. He liked to let his hair down. We'd gossip about this one and that one, and I'd say whatever I liked to him and he'd say whatever he liked to me. This story about how he couldn't relax with people who weren't his social equals is just silly. The Roosevelts were all gregarious to the point of foolishness. The people Mrs. Roosevelt alone brought to the White House! And he could relax with all of them." Mr. Flynn, who first met Roosevelt in 1918, called him Franklin until he became Governor of New York, and called him Governor thereafter.

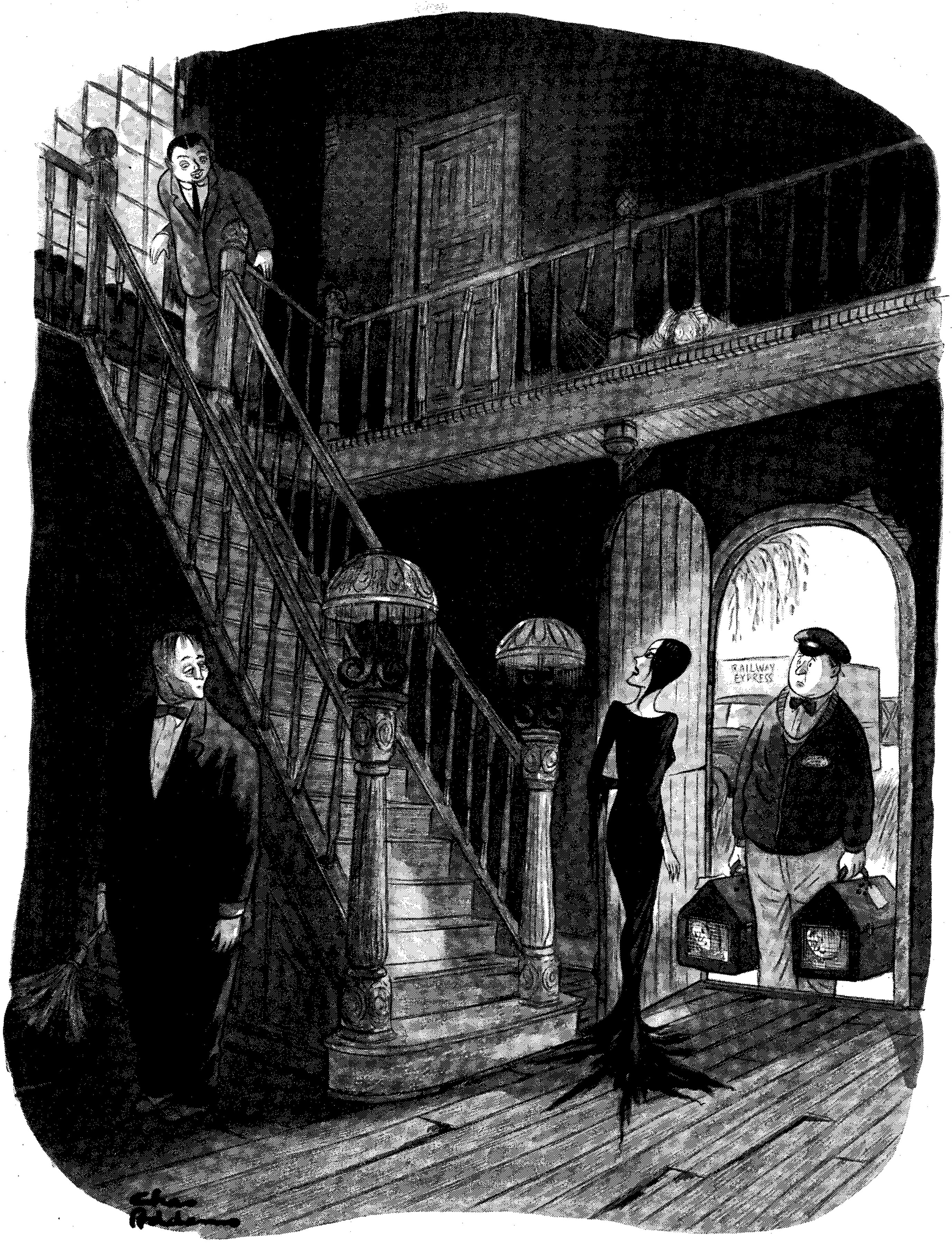
Mr. Flynn was completely candid with us about who had agreed that Truman would hurt the President least; the original parties to this decision, he told us, were Roosevelt and Flynn. He was not certain, though, which of them had first proposed Truman. "I don't remember," he said, looking down at his carnation. "I had never even seen Truman in my life before he was nominated. All I knew was that no one could do Roosevelt any good, and it was a question of who would do him the least harm. Truman's record qualified him on that score. Politicians don't look into the future, you know, and Roosevelt was a politician. I'd rank him as the best politician of this era, with Al Smith second and LaGuardia third." We next asked him about the stitches in the President's head. "Oh, don't believe that," he said. "That's what he wrote to me. It was in line with his sense of humor. I was recovering at the time from an operation for hernia, and he sent me this note, saying he'd had all those stitches taken, just to make his condition out to be worse than mine. He actually had gone to a hospital, but only to have a small wen removed from his scalp, as you probably remember."

At that point, Mr. Flynn's secretary brought him a copy of his book, and he began inscribing something in it. "My publisher told me not to give any copies away free," he said, "but this one is for Mrs. Grace Humphreys, the lady I dictated it to. I started the damn thing in longhand, two years ago, at a friend's ranch in Mexico. But I found out that this longhand is not all it's cracked up to be. I couldn't read my own handwriting. When I got back to New York, I began dictating to Mrs. Humphreys. I kept wanting to give the whole thing up, but she kept after me. I suppose the style could stand some polishing, but at least I wrote this book all by myself. I haven't got any power behind *my* throne. Do you really think anyone will read it? There isn't enough dirt in it to make it a best-seller. I could have written a book that would have been—well, terrible. But, I say, what good does it do to create dissension by throwing in a lot of sour grapes and half truths? Plenty of people in politics, if they repeat something often enough, convince themselves that it's true. Why, I used to sit down with Louis Howe and listen to him claim he was the one who picked 'Happy Days' as the theme song of the '32 convention, when I knew damned well *I* had picked it. You know, what my book really is is a book about the political machine. The machine is there. It shouldn't be denied. Trying to cover it up is stupid. The trouble is politicians have always tried to make the machine too mysterious. Maybe the book will be inside stuff to the public. Maybe it will be news. I don't know. Say, have you heard that Harold Ickes is writing a book? I'll buy a copy of his if he'll buy a copy of mine."

Venus de Hollywood

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from southern California advises us that he visited a big Spanish-Georgian-Colonial house out there, the living room of which extended as far as the eye could see and had as its chief feature a dais at one end, swathed in scarlet velvet. On this was a life-size marble statue of a female nude lying in a marble hammock. Approaching the statue with appropriate reverence, our man noted a small, hand-lettered card propped against the lady's belly. It read, "Kindly Do Not Touch the Statue. Thank You."




RAILWAY EXPRESS

"It's the children, darling—back from camp."

THE LAST OF HALEY

HALEY'S boat, the Yelah, was the last one in. He throttled down to idling speed at the yacht-club landing, tossed his fifteen-year-old cousin a line, and stepped up to the landing. The kid had been earning spending money, working at the club during the summer, just as Haley had done twenty and more years ago.

"O.K., Cousin, put 'er away," said Haley.

"O.K., Cousin," said the kid. "All right if I use up what's left of the gas?"

"There isn't an awful lot left."

"Yes, I see. Just up to the Point and back?"

"I hope you *get* back. The gauge says empty," said Haley.

"I know this gauge. Boy, you were out all afternoon."

"No, only since half past three," said Haley.

"Well, you know me. Prone to exaggerate," said the kid. "But you were really pouring on the coal."

"Well, it's almost the last chance I'll get this summer. Take it easy."

"Oh, sure," said the kid. "See you at the dance."

"That's right. I owe you some money, don't I? I haven't any on me at the moment."

"That's all right. I'll catch you there—if you get there before eleven o'clock. You know. They make us kids go *home* at eleven, just about the time *you get* there."

"I get it. You'd like to have the dough before you go to the dance. O.K. I'll phone your Ma and tell her I owe you two bucks and she's to pay you for me."

"I'd appreciate it very much," said the kid.

"Permission to go home and take a bath, sir?" Haley saluted.

"Permission granted," said the kid, returning the salute.

Haley went home and took off his khaki shirt and pants, souvenirs of the submarine base at Pearl, and rolled them into a ball with his skivvies and tossed the ball into the laundry hamper. He was lying in the tub when Willa came in, wearing a dressing gown he had brought back from Gump's.

"What ever happened to that rule we used to have? *You* know."

"*I* know," she said. "Don't come in the bathroom without knocking. I thought you'd probably fallen asleep."

"A poor excuse is better than none. Or is it?"

"Do you want to lie there while I do my legs?"

"No." He got out of the tub and dried himself in their bedroom, and put on his old tuxedo. He was unable to close the top button of the pants, but he covered that with the cummerbund, which also was pretty snug. He was inspecting himself in the full-length mirror of the bathroom door when Willa opened it. She was naked, carrying the dressing gown, and the contrast between the lingering beauty of her body and what was happening to his own brought him a sense of defeat that he did not need. It was piling it on. He was still strong enough, but he was beginning to look like an old-time brewery-wagon driver, and she continued to look like a girdle ad. She walked past him, slightly amused at catching him in front of the mirror.

"Don't you think it'd be a good idea to go downstairs and greet your friends?" she said.

"They aren't here yet, and why call them *my* friends? They're just as much yours."

"They're always very prompt. Punctual. Especially since Katie found out you're in love with her. Just remember, they'd never be coming here if you hadn't made me ask them."

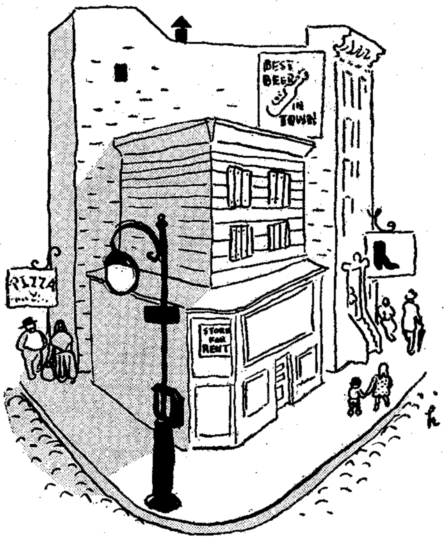
"I certainly twisted your wrist this summer. Tonight'll make the second time since June they've been in this house."

"That does me," said Willa.

"What do you want to drink?"

"Scotch on rocks. That'll make it easy for you. It's what they drink. 'Scotch on rocks'! Oh, brother! How quaint can you get?"

He hesitated before closing the bedroom door. "I've heard you order a Bloody Mary. How disgusting can you get?"



THE Muldoons were punctual, and Willa was still upstairs. Haley greeted them and asked them what they'd have, and they said Scotch on rocks. "I think that's what Willa wants, too," said Haley.

"Can I help you, Bob?" said Muldoon. He was very tall, very thin, and he had not yet sat down. He was nearly six feet four, and Haley wished he would fold up in a chair.

"No, thanks, Gerry. Easiest drink this side of a glass of water." Haley made four and served them, leaving Willa's drink on the coffee table in front of the davenport where Muldoon was sitting. Haley sat on the other davenport beside Katie.

"We're sitting next door to the Vandersmiths," said Haley.

"Who?" said Muldoon.

"Who? Who? Who?" said Willa, making her entrance. "Gerry, you sound like an owl. Hello, Katie."

"Hello, Willa," said Katie. "My, you look nice."

"Thank you. Hello, Gerry. Don't possibly get up." There was an unmistakable sharpness in Willa's voice and manner. "What have you two been doing lately?" She made it sound as though they had been smuggling, without implying the charm of smugglers.

"Oh, I don't know," said Katie.

"Nothing to speak of," said Muldoon.

"We haven't been doing much either—at least, I haven't," said Willa. "Course Robert's been all over the place with that boat."

"You want this drink or shall I—?" said Haley.

"If you'd hand it to me where I could see it, I'd drink it," said Willa. She sat down in a chair across the room from the three others. "Well, I saw the seating plan and we four're sitting next to the Vandersmiths' table. They have twenty-four and they'll all be drunk by the time they get to the club. Let's us get drunk, too, and shout—"

"Oh, no. Let's not," said Haley.

"I say let's," said Willa.

"I'm willing," said Muldoon.

"If you want to see a man get drunk," said Haley, "if that's all you want to see—"

"I didn't exactly say you," said Willa. "I mean all of us. Those Protestant snobs, every week they come storming in—"

"I'm a Protestant," said Katie.

"Well, I know, but your name is Muldoon," said Willa.

"Well, then, don't say things like that," said Haley.

"Katie knows what I mean. It's the end of the summer, and we weren't asked to the Vans' party," said Willa.

"Isn't that too goddam bad?" said Haley.

"Well, except we *were* asked, Willa," said Katie. "But you asked us first."

"Time out for an awkward pause," said Haley.

"Oh, come on," said Muldoon. "Grown people—"

"I apologize," said Willa. "I'm a louse." She rose and left the room. Haley acted as though nothing had happened, as did Muldoon. Katie got up and followed Willa out. In a couple of minutes, the two girls returned.

"It's agreed that we're all going to have three more drinks," said Katie.

"Except me. Six," said Willa.

"Yes," said Katie. They had had their arms around each other's waist when they came in, and now they laughed and sat again where they had been sitting. "You two dullards ought to start mixing drinks," Katie added.

"I'll do it," said Muldoon. "Easiest thing this side of a drink of water."

"Go right ahead," said Haley.

They all had several drinks apiece and drove to the club, to go to their table for four, near the empty table for twenty-four. "Cleared the air, anyway," said Haley, parking his car.

"Sure," said Muldoon.

A Paul Jones was in progress. Little boys were running away from little girls they were stuck with, and little girls were looking around for partners and then running off the floor, suffering the final, unendurable pain of not being wanted. Two young fathers with murder in their hearts got up to dance with their rejected daughters, and were rebuffed. Revenge was in the air, and a great group of adults came in and took their places at the table of the Vandersmiths. Behinds bumped chairs, pardons were begged, dresses were ruined by clear soup and red wine.

"That's a great little group you've got there," said Haley.

"Not my group," said Muldoon. He was cutting his filet mignon, but he knew what group Haley meant.

"Oh, they're nothing," said Katie.

"I say they're absolutely nothing at all," said Willa. "We're more exclusive."

"Than what?" said Haley.

"Than they are," said Katie. She did not look up. She was one of those well-trained persons who eat everything that is put on their plates. She concentrated on her food; her white dress was cut so low as to give a recurring reminder of her breasts. Haley looked at the four-hundred-dollar dress, at the husband who had paid for it. They were both eating away. He looked at Willa, crushing peas with her fork, and at his own plate, empty of meat.

"Did anybody see what I just saw?" said Haley.

"No, what was that?" said Willa.

"A hobo in a grocery staw," said Haley. "No, if you didn't see it, it'd take too long to explain."

Katie went on sawing and chewing. Muldoon likewise. "Ask Fred if we can have some Scotch," said Willa.

"Say, Fred," said Haley to the waiter, "whenever you get through with those Protestants, put a bottle of Scotch on this table, please."

"Oh, stop that Protestant talk," said Muldoon.

"Listen, kid, I'll stop all talk," said Haley.

"Well, that wouldn't be a bad idea," said Muldoon.

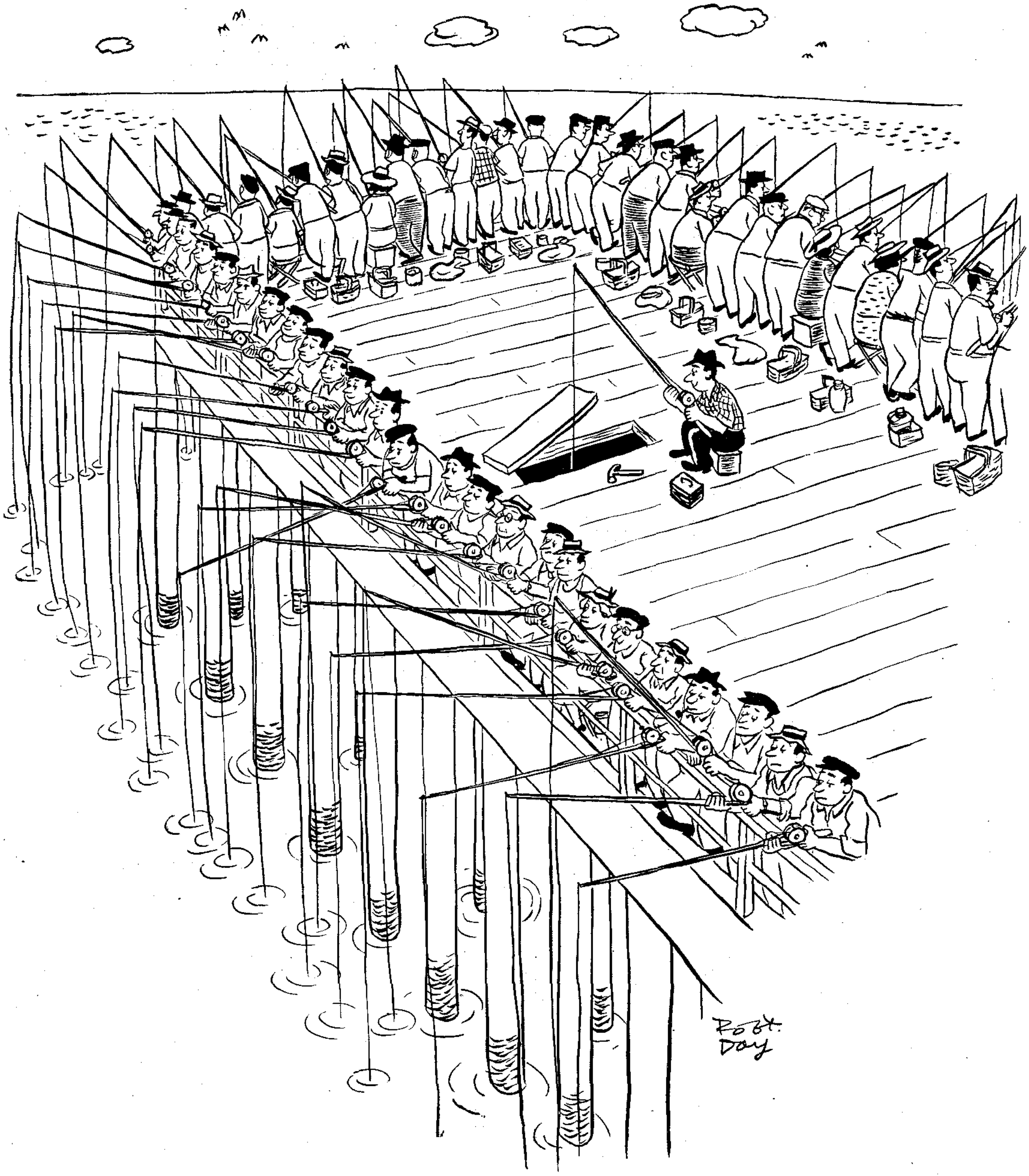
"Listen, Gawkie," said Haley.

"Bob! Please!" said Katie.

"Let's have that Scotch," said Haley.

"Right, Mr. Haley," said Fred. He departed.

"Katie, we dance," said Haley.



"Let's wait till we get some coffee," said Willa.

"How about waiting till we mind our own business," said Haley.

"Yeah, how about that, Bob?" said Muldoon.

Katie put down her knife and fork. "All right. How about it? If you think you want to, I'll dance with you, Robert."

"Please do," said Haley. "I do." They got up and he held her and they moved to music. For once around, he said nothing; then he looked far away and said, "I'm sorry, Katie."

"Oh, well," she said.

"More than you think, though," he said.

"Maybe. I don't know."

"I love you. You love Gerry."

"Yes," she said.

"He doesn't do anything. I keep on loving you."

"I don't know what to say to that," she said.

"But you know I love you?"

"I think so. I guess so," she said.

"All right, then let's go back to the table."

"All right, Robert," she said. "I love you, too. Once around?"

"You mean for goodbye. But you said it. Say it."

"I love you, and let's go back," she said.

"Yes. Are you going to be here next summer?"

"Not if I can help it. I don't want to ever see you again," she said.

"I think I can fix that," he said.

"That was a short one," said Willa.

"I ran out of conversation," said Haley.

"Oh, I'll bet," said Muldoon.

"Now, if you'll excuse me if I leave while I'm still up?" said Haley.

"Loud protests," said Muldoon.

"I didn't ask you," said Haley. "You know, Gerry, you haven't got very much."

"Oh, no? You think that?"

"Excuse me, one and all," said Haley.

ON his way to the bar, Haley tripped a couple of times. After a couple of drinks, he found his kid cousin. "How'd it go, Commander?" said Haley.

"Fine. I'll remember you in my will, Cousin," said the kid.

"Oh, you got the two bucks? I didn't mean that. How's the Big E?"

"The Big E? Oh, you mean the Yelah. Well, that gauge said empty, and it's empty now, I can tell you," said the kid.

"Now, think of that," said Haley. "If five bucks would be worth anything to you, I know where you could get five bucks. It's too late to get gas on the dock."

"You mean siphon out some gas? Whose car?"

"Anybody's."

The kid made considering faces. "Five, huh?"

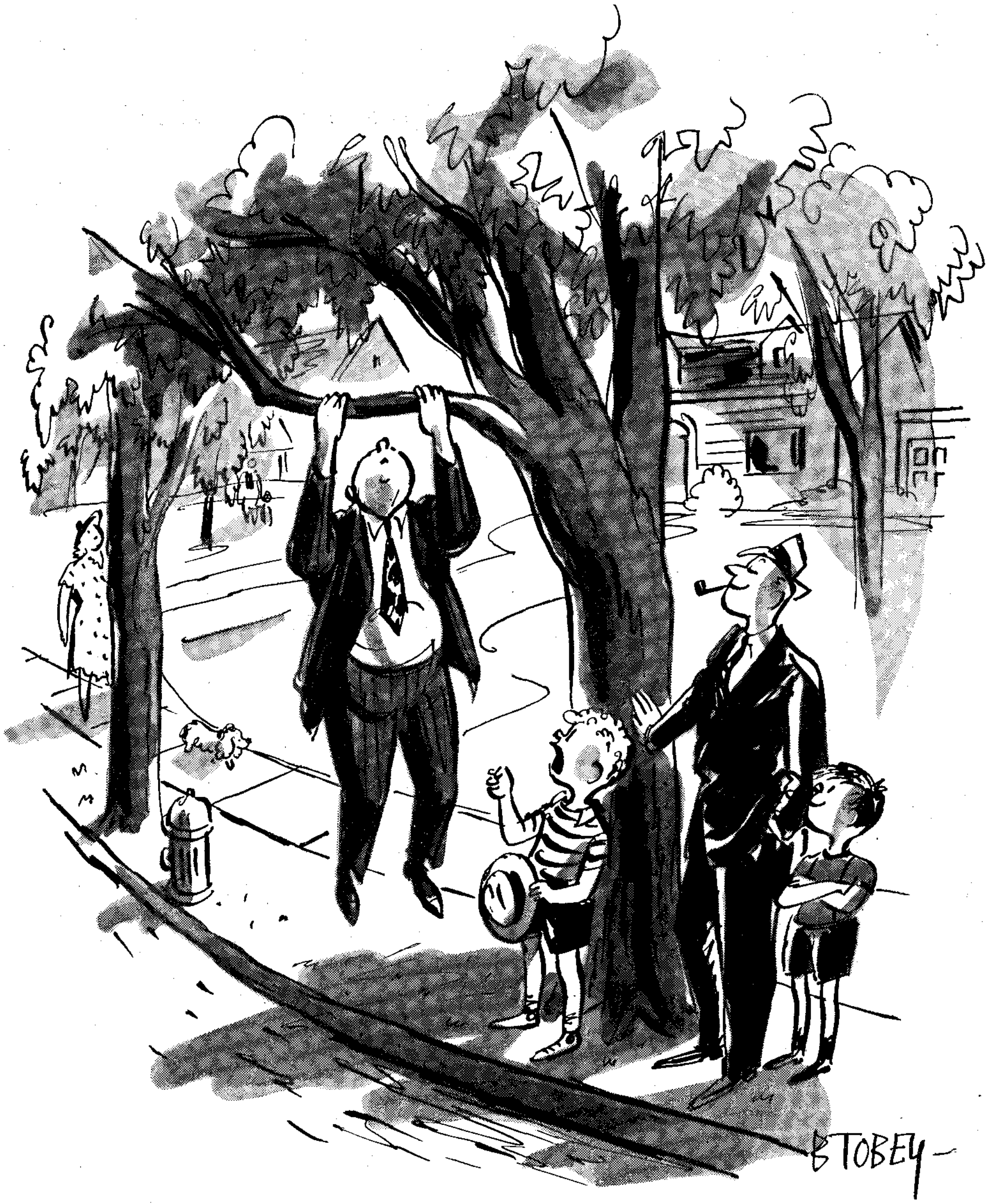
"Five bucks," said Haley.

A little girl came and stood beside the kid cousin. "Uh, Barbara, this is, uh, my cousin, uh. Mr. Haley, this is Barbara Wilderming. Well, I guess not, Cousin."

"Yes, I see what you mean," said Haley. "Nice to've seen you."

He left the club and walked until he took a spill. He laughed and got up and continued walking until he took another spill. There seemed to be no necessity for rising in a hurry, so this time he waited till he was good and ready. He resumed walking and now sang about McNamara's band, which made the distance seem shorter. Sometimes he called out that his name was McNamara and that he was the leader of the band. He was humming that much of the song, of which he did not know the lyric, when he stepped off the yacht-club landing. The cold water revived him so that he was able to swim out almost all the way to the can buoy, where his boat would be tied up. Some feet short of that, it didn't seem worth the effort.

—JOHN O'HARA



"Come on, Dad! Only six more and you beat Mr. Gleiger."

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Mr. Sullivan pleaded nolo contendre, which means "I do not understand," today to the lesser charge.—*A.P. dispatch in the Times.*

He hasn't anything on the A.P.

FRENCH WITHOUT SCARS

A FINE way to acquire facility in the use of French idioms is to be beaten up by a couple of Frenchmen. I made this discovery in peacetime, in 1926, in an alley off the Rue Nationale in Tours, at about 2:45 A.M. The Ecole Berlitz is welcome to this tip on payment of a small royalty.

I had spent most of the previous afternoon in the vineyards across the Loire from the city, walking about with a knowing air and occasionally picking a small, sour grape and eating it. The year was destined to be remembered in the valley of the Loire for the conspicuous worthlessness of its wines, but I had no way of knowing that. Somebody had presented me with a book called "The Wines of France," and I was completing a tour of the great vineyard regions, an enterprise that, at the time, I thought strikingly original.

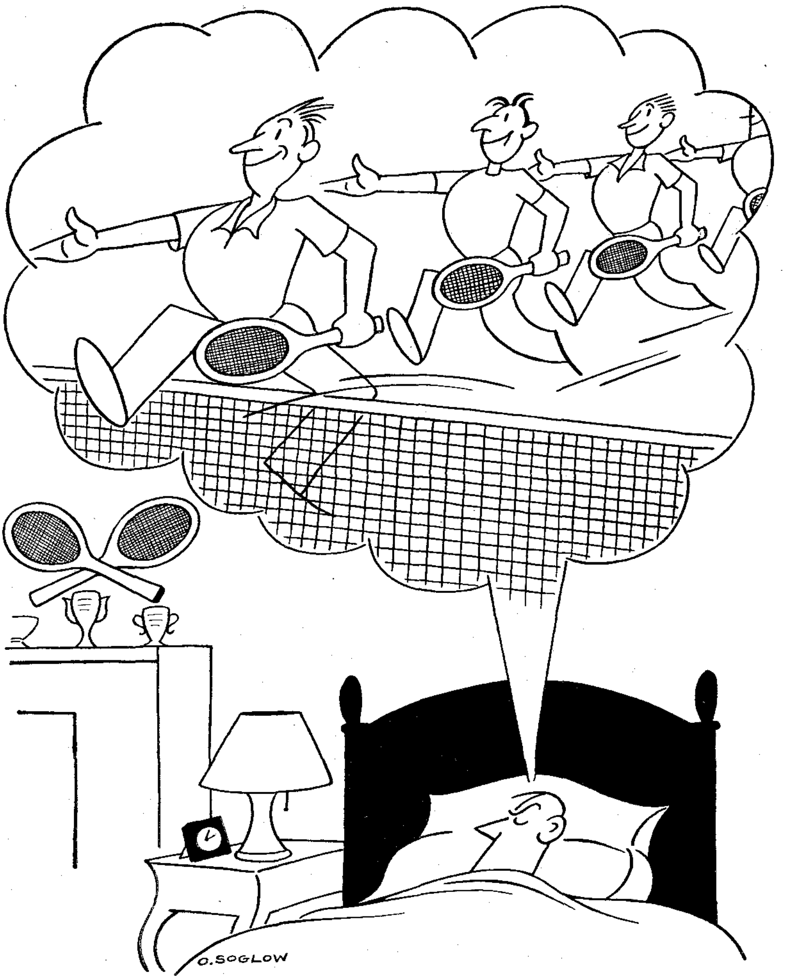
In my travels, I did not like to associate with compatriots. If you were just going to talk to other Americans, what was the benefit of being in France? The trouble was I did not feel at home with the French themselves, because I always missed my second shot when I talked to them. I could usually compose an adequate opening sentence; for example, "It will be good this year, the vintage, *hein*?" But when the person I spoke to replied, "On the contrary, it is not scarcely the pain to pick the raisins," or made some other equally pessimistic answer, I invariably wished I hadn't begun. "Goodbye," I would say, "I will see you soon." As the psychiatrists would put it, I was becoming withdrawn.

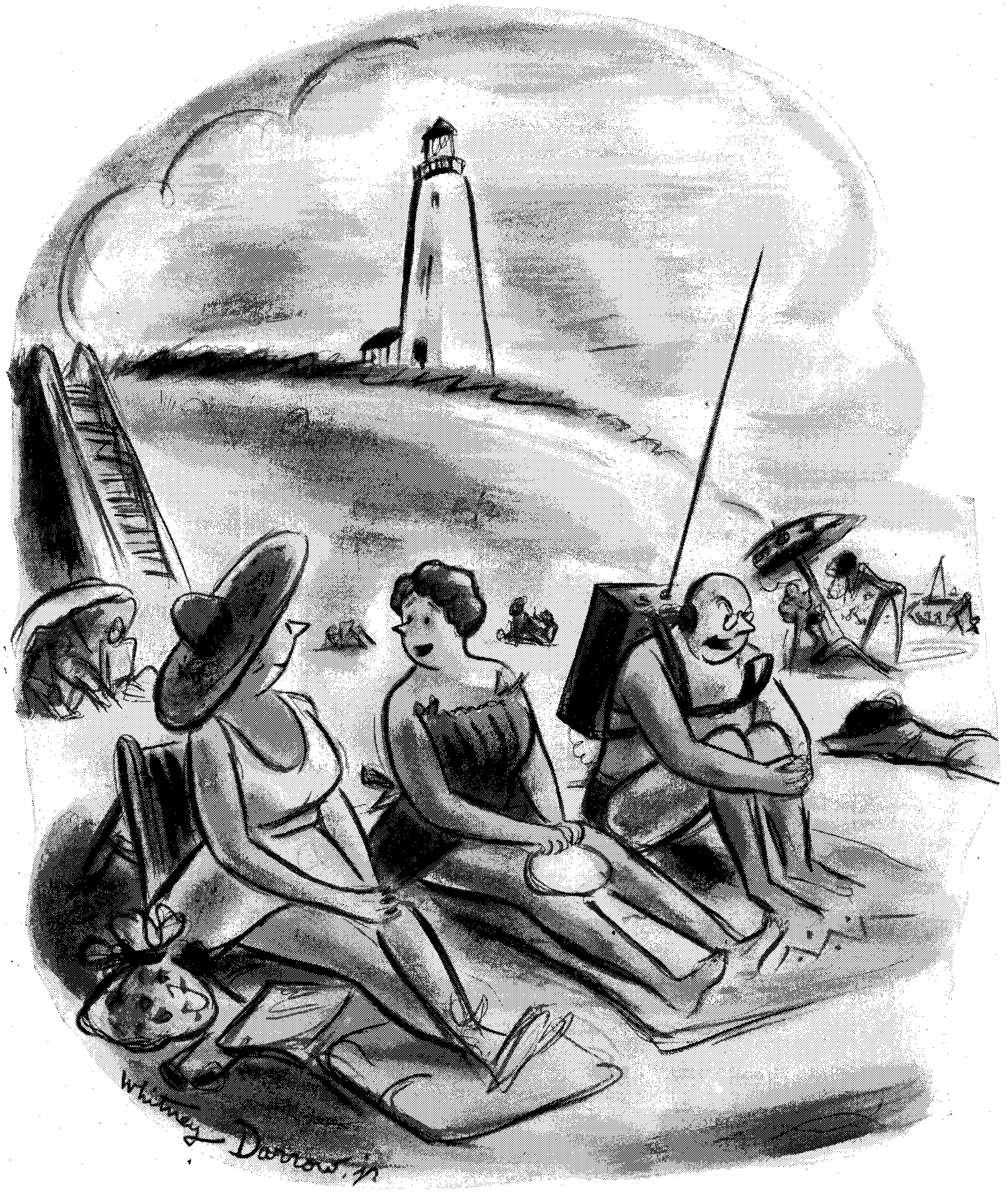
It must have been eight o'clock when I returned to my hotel, the Métropole, at Tours. I changed from knickers into long trousers and then decided not to eat in the hotel dining room, where they had international cuisine and a Levantine headwaiter, but to look up a place called Le Colibri, which a girl in Angers had recommended to me. It was truly chic, she had said, a place such as you wouldn't expect to find in the provinces.

Le Colibri didn't look like much when I found it, more than a kilometre from the hotel. There were a few tables, a bar, and a fellow singing a comic song about Mussolini, who was more unpopular than usual in France that summer. I sat down at a table and ordered something to eat. It appeared that Le Colibri did not serve serious food—a sandwich was the best I could hope for. By that time I was so hungry that I said a sandwich would be all right—a sandwich and some red wine. I had expected local wine in a plain bottle, but the waiter brought me a bottle of Nuits-Saint-Georges 1915, with one of those deadly French sandwiches consisting of a loaf of bread sliced longitudinally and a paper-thin slice of ham hidden between the halves. There I sat with my excellent bottle of wine and my deplorable sandwich, and before I had finished the Nuits-Saint-Georges I began to feel sorry for myself, in a pleasant way. I was a lone exile and I felt that I could not tell any of the people in the bar about it because they would ask me why I didn't go home. Then I would have to tell them that I didn't go home because I enjoyed thinking of myself as a lone exile. So I had a bottle of champagne—Irroy, I think—and drank it all, rather slowly, continuing to pity myself. When I ordered a second bottle of champagne, a girl named Roberte came and sat at my table, and I gave her a couple of glasses of wine. I felt that I couldn't finish the bottle anyway. Roberte had a wide face and her neck seemed to be made of lard. Sometimes it is difficult to be a Francophile.

I stayed in Le Colibri for a long time, drinking slowly, and finally the place began to close. Waiters were moving tables around and the boss came over and said he was very sorry. I paid the check, which wasn't bad, because francs were about thirty-five to the dollar, and the *patron* and I were both satisfied. He thought he had cheated me, but I knew how much it would have cost me to get feeling that way in New York. Then I found myself walking in the street with Roberte. It was all right; I knew what I was doing. I had told her I didn't like her, but she said that the *patron* wanted her to walk part way home with me so I wouldn't get lost. It was raining and she had an umbrella and there were no taxis in Tours at that hour of the morning.

We got on the Rue Nationale, which is long and straight, and then I knew where I was, but Roberte walked me about halfway to the hotel. She told me she was going to Rennes the next day and that that was a nice town, too, if you knew your way around. She said there was a short cut to the *pension* where she was stopping, through an alley by the burlesque theatre. I offered to see her home and we walked a little way into the alley together. Then she insisted that I had come far enough, and said good night. When I turned back toward the street, I saw that




Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"That's the trouble with being a doctor—on call twenty-four hours a day."

• •

two fellows had walked into the alley after me. They wore black, wide-brimmed hats and they looked more like students than toughs. One of them put his right hand on my left arm and said, "Where are you descended?" The idiom was unfamiliar to me until he said, "At what hotel?" "At the Métropole," I told him. I guess he was just making conversation, because he hit me in the eye. I threw my right, but he didn't stagger. That puzzled me, because he was a small man. It is quite possible that I hadn't even touched him. The other one pitched in and they hit me a good many times. I kept swinging, but my knuckles were unscuffed when I got to my room later. We must have made a lot of noise in that echoing alley, scuffling over the cobblestones and swearing. Eventually, I landed on the back of my neck. I could hear two men running, their feet pounding on the cobbles, and when I got up I couldn't see anybody. I took two reluctant steps after them for honor's sake. I knew there was no danger of my catching them.

My glasses had been broken and I had a lot of small cuts on my face from the glass, but otherwise I was all right. I walked on down the Rue Nationale to the Métropole, feeling very stupid. There were six hundred francs in my wallet, untouched—a circumstance which seemed at that time of no particular significance. There wasn't a policeman in sight.

The glass door of the hotel was locked. I knocked loudly, and as I waited for the porter, I remembered the new phrase and that this was the hotel where I was "descended." The night porter took a look at me and burst into a smile of ineffable jollity—nothing so enlivens a Frenchman as the contemplation of spectacular catastrophe. "Ah, old man," he said, "you're well arranged, eh?" I carried his colloquialism and my wounds to bed with me.

Early the following afternoon, I dressed and went looking for a barber, thinking he could clean my face up a bit with hot towels. When I appeared in the door of the Métropole barbershop, the *maître-coiffeur* whistled. He seemed as pleasantly aroused as the porter had been. "I am well arranged, eh?" I snapped as I sat down in the first chair. Naturally, I had to tell the barber all about my misadventure, and since I couldn't talk French very fast, he filled in the gaps. He was an imaginative man. I began by relating that I had drunk two or three bottles of wine. He smothered me with a hot towel and said, "You were in train to tap the bell, *hein*?" When he took the towel off my face, I asked him what that meant. He said it meant to eat or drink well. I got along to the part of the story where I took a punch at the little man, and the barber said, "You tapped on top!" I knew I hadn't tagged the fellow at all, but by that time I was beginning to color the story slightly, so I said "Of course." "Ah!" said the barber. When I got to where they knocked me down and went home, he was in raptures. "They saved themselves!" he exclaimed. "*Monsieur*, you are a brave."

I could have clasped him in my arms. With that short phrase, "*Ils se sont sauvés!*," he had rescued my self-esteem. Instead of being beaten up by two in-

THE ISLANDS

The stars, in dissolution burning,
Burn out, as we do, late or soon—
Islands of fire, the fixed, the turning,
Whose morning and whose afternoon
Are half a trillion years, a span
As brief, or long, as his for man.

My son, when dark comes down, comes down
To the south lawn to study these;
Knowing, from books, the proper noun
For what, to me, are mysteries,
He finds the one he looks for, there
Above the apple tree—Altair.

Altair in August. April gone
Four months—or is it only hours?—
Since, resting on the same south lawn,
I lay and looked at yellow flowers
Moving a little when the wind
Came round the corner. And the mind

Stirred also, idly, wondering
How long the flower had been in bloom,
How many days were left, this spring,
Before its withering, its doom;
How long before it had to die
It could not tell. No more could I.

One, two, three, four. Infinities
Or moments, daffodil or man?
It would be best to look at these
Oh most intensely, while you can,
My trouble said, my wisdom knew,
Who knows? another year or two . . .

But no such worry seems to scare
And no self-conscious panic stir
My summer student of Altair,
Sixteen-year-old astronomer,
Taking it easy; it appears
The stars, and he, have years and years.

One, two, three, four; four, three, two, one.
Less than immortal, burning out,
Father and flower, star and son,
And only one assailed by doubt—
Daffodil, boy, and man, and star,
Most separate, most insular.

—Rolfe Humphries

• •

significant youths in an alley, I had won a great victory. As I thought over the incident, I could see that they had been lucky to escape with their lives. It was evident, as the barber said, that they were professional characters of small interest who had followed me with the object of de-pocketbooking me, but I had resisted. "Did they get your money?" he asked. I told him they hadn't. I couldn't remember their asking for the money, and, reconsidered in the light of the barber's question, my resistance had certainly been successful. When I left the barber chair, I had the skeleton of a story. It took on flesh and color with repetition.

At Blois (Hôtel du Château), where I told the story next, the number of my assailants had increased to three types of small interest. They had followed me with the object of de-pocketbooking me (a verb I had already begun to find useful). They didn't render themselves account. I had tapped on top! And rudely! In the end, they had saved themselves, fortunately for them. At Vendôme (Hôtel du Commerce), four dirty mugs figured in my narration. I had taken them two by two and knocked their heads together. It seemed a natural development.

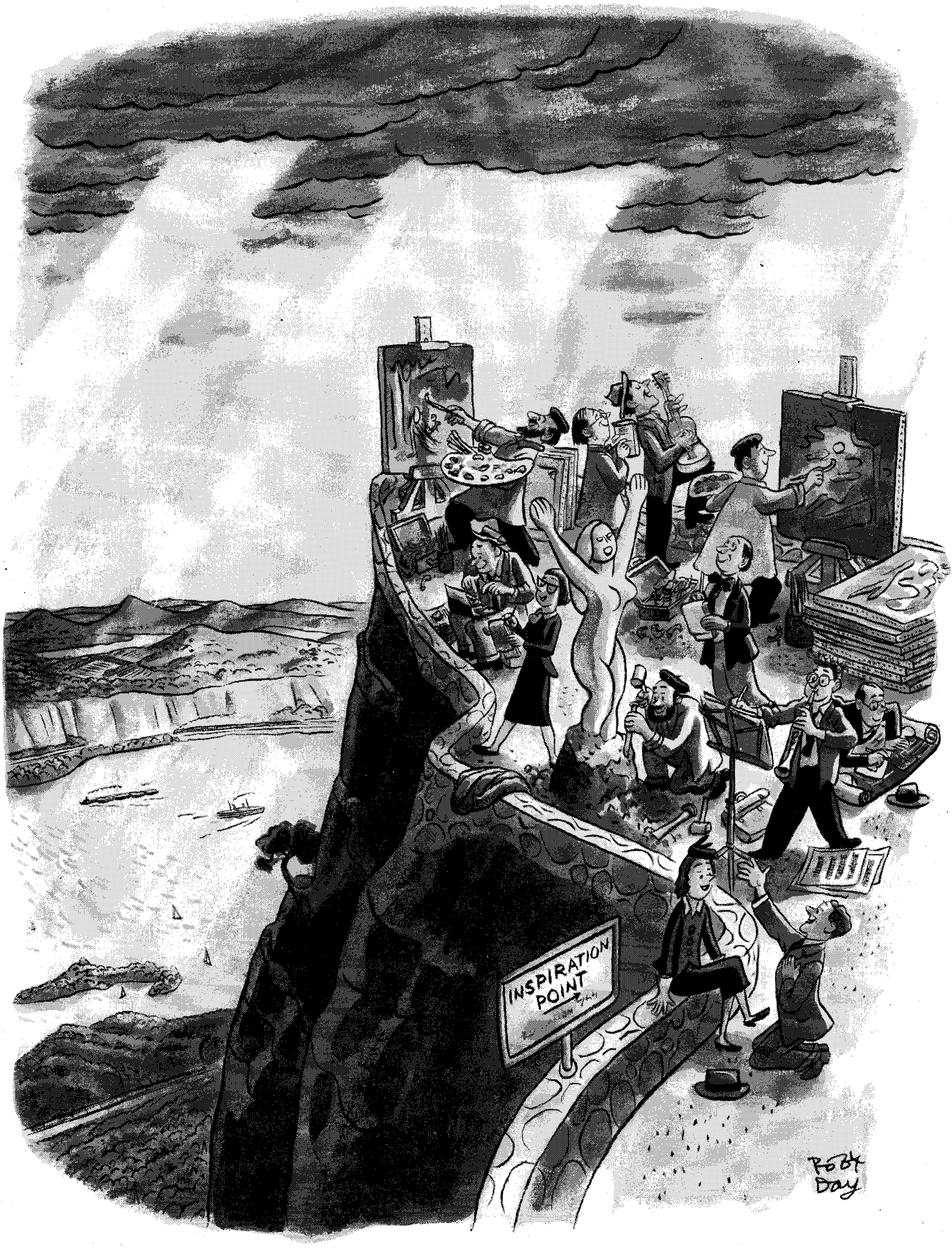
Continuing, at a hamlet called La Ville-aux-Clercs (Hôtel de l'Ecu d'Or), I told a postman and an egg-buyer that five *apaches*, but real ones of real ones—trust me, I knew the type well—had attacked me with knives and brass knuckles, but that by a few quick strokes of *la boxe américaine*, which they had doubtless observed in moving pictures, I had disengaged myself. The *apaches* had done well to save themselves! "But I was well arranged, old man!," I remembered to concede here. The postman said he had once seen an American movie actor, Reginald Denny, dispose of a considerable number of gangsters in the same fashion. For weeks, wherever I went, people who saw my face wanted to know what had happened to me. I told each new acquaintance my latest revised and expanded version. It established a rapport that had hitherto been lacking. By adopting comments from my listeners, I got fresh phrases to incorporate in my narrative—"They passed me through the tobacco" and "I was advised to carry plaint to the police station, but the cops, what? Bah!" This last embellishment always pleased taxi-drivers. At each rendition, I increased the number of fellows who had saved themselves.

I can acknowledge now, when I am being frank with myself, that my assailants were just two men who hadn't liked my looks and who succeeded to a considerable extent in altering them. There was a good deal of anti-foreign feeling in France that summer because of the slump in the franc. But this theory never formed part of my recitation. By the time I got back to Paris, the scars had faded, but Mme. Anna, behind the desk of the small hotel where I stopped on the Avenue Montaigne, sensed at once that I was a changed man.

"*Monsieur* talks currently now," she said. "Before, he appeared to have fear to talk French. He has lost his timidity."

"*Eh, bien!*" I said. "Once you've licked nine uninteresting types simultaneously in an alley at Tours, you render yourself account!" And when I heard myself say it in French, I believed it.

—A. J. Liebling


INSPIRATION POINT
Robt Day

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ALERTING OF MR. POMERANTZ

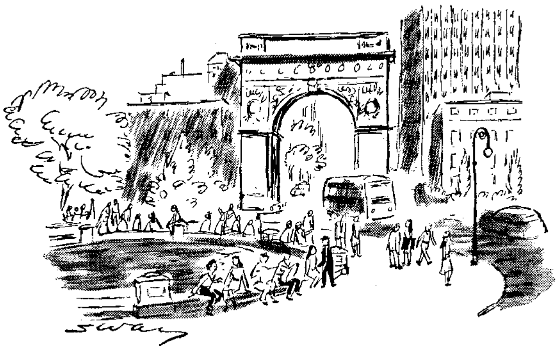
A VIOLENT, body-racking, infectious fever called rickettsialpox is the newest of known diseases. Its onset is abrupt, it is as prostrating as a kick in the stomach, and its course is a trying one, but it is not fatal. Although medical authorities are of the uneasy opinion that thousands of new diseases would afflict mankind if all the microörganisms potentially capable of causing illness were to become sufficiently virulent to break down the body's resistance to them, the outbreak of just one such disease is happily an unusual occurrence. The first known case of rickettsialpox in medical history turned up some eighteen months ago, in Queens. Cases of it have since been reported elsewhere in the city. No other disease has ever made its initial appearance here. It is, in fact, practically unheard of for one to originate in any metropolis. Nobody knows why.

Almost everything about rickettsialpox is peculiar. It is among the few identified ailments that bear scientifically illuminating names. A disease usually is named for its discoverer (Bright's disease), for the geographical area in which it was first observed (Asiatic cholera), or for its predominant symptom (whooping cough). Sometimes a disease is named for its cause or, as often as not, for what was once erroneously *thought* to be its cause (malaria, which is not caused by bad air, and the common cold, which is not caused by low temperatures). Rickettsialpox, as a name, not only gives a good idea of one of the disease's most notable manifestations, a spotty rash, but indicates its cause, a microörganism of the genus *Rickettsia.* Such etiological exactitude in the naming of a disease is uncommon because the discovery of the existence of a disease generally precedes by many years the discovery of its cause. In certain instances—that of syphilis, for one—a cure has been found before the cause of the disease has been determined. The causes of numerous familiar ailments, including several of the most malignant, are still unknown. Smallpox, for example, dates back to at least the third century B.C., yet science is still unable to say exactly what causes it or exactly how it is transmitted. The dispatch with which the *Rickettsia* microörganism was identified made it possible to give the disease a definitive name. As a jig-time medical project, the investigation was probably unique. The cause of rickettsialpox and its means of transmission were established just seven months and seven days after its first known victim, an eleven-year-old boy, came down with it on the afternoon of February 23, 1946.

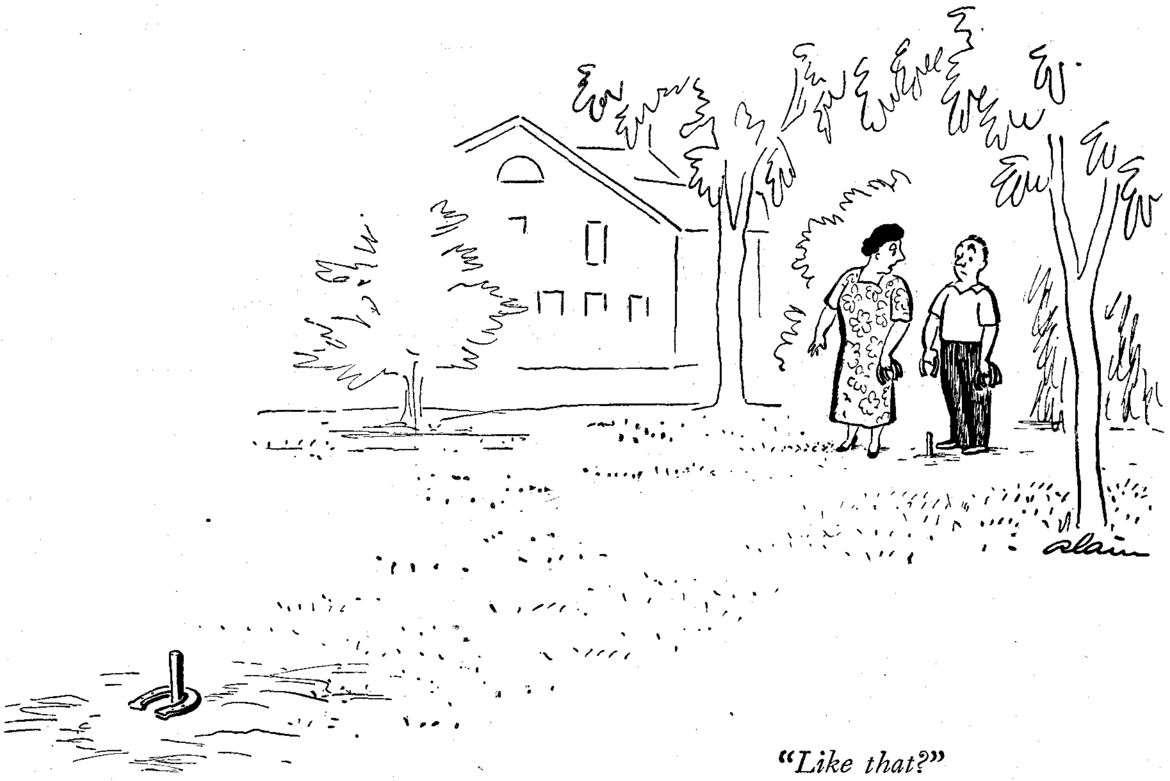
THE boy was Edmund Lohr, Jr., the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lohr, of 141-12 Seventy-eighth Road, in the Kew Gardens section of Queens. Mr. Lohr is the head night auditor of the Shelton Hotel, at Lexington Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. The family occupies a third-floor apartment in an attractive, moderate-priced housing development called Regency Park, which was completed in 1939. Regency Park consists of sixty-three three-story buildings, in which there is a total of five hundred and forty-five more or less identical flats, and covers three large blocks. It is bounded by Union Turnpike, Seventy-eighth Avenue, Main Street, and 141st Street, and it is trisected by Seventy-ninth Avenue and Seventy-eighth Road. The apartment in which the Lohrs live is in the middle block. Mrs. Lohr clearly recollects the start of her son's illness. "Edmund came in from playing, looking sick and grippy," she told me not long ago when I called on her in the course of talking to a number of people who were involved in tracking down rickettsialpox. "He said he hurt all over. Well, I put him to bed and took his temperature. It was over a hundred and one, so I telephoned our doctor and he came around as soon as he could. Before he left, he began to look very serious, and I remember he said, 'I've got a case on my hands.' "

The physician who was thus candidly disturbed is Dr. Benjamin Shankman, a young general practitioner with a warm bedside manner, whose office is a block north of Regency Park. He recalls that when he reached the Lohr apartment, Edmund's temperature was a hundred and three. Upon examining the child, Dr. Shankman found a pimple-like lesion on his back and a somewhat swollen gland near the right armpit. He tentatively diagnosed the illness as chicken pox. It was a plausible diagnosis, and it might have stuck if Mrs. Lohr had not pointed out, with reasonable surprise, that Edmund had already *had* chicken pox, some years before. This disclosure naturally unsettled Dr. Shankman, but he sought to reässure himself with the thought that the earlier diagnosis, which had been made by another man, might not have been accurate. There was no getting around the fact, however, that the boy seemed to be a lot sicker than the average chicken-pox sufferer. Dr. Shankman decided that he'd better wait awhile to ascertain if more lesions would develop, and then see.

Two or three days later, there was a generous rash of lesions for Dr. Shankman to study. Careful examination convinced him that they were not precisely like the pox of chicken pox. He therefore discarded the chicken-pox theory and took a blood count. It revealed the presence of a high percentage of white cells, a characteristic of cases of severe infection. Meanwhile, Edmund's temperature was fluctuating eccentrically. At one time, it climbed as high as a hundred and six—a blisteringly high fever, even for a child. Dr. Shankman concluded that his patient had better be put in a hospital, if only for observation. "I was beginning to get scared," the physician told me frankly. Mr. and Mrs. Lohr were even less composed. On February 28th, they and Dr. Shankman took Edmund in a taxi to the Kew Gardens General Hospital, the nearest to their home, where the boy was at first refused admittance, because the examining physician, falling into Dr. Shankman's earlier error, thought that he had chicken pox, and the institution was not equipped to care for patients suffering from a contagious disease. After appealing to several of the authorities there, however, Dr. Shankman succeeded in getting Edmund admitted, and the boy was put to bed in a remote and isolated room. Then Dr. Shankman prescribed a regimen of penicillin therapy. Edmund was given tests for various illnesses during the next few days. The results were all negative. Presently, he began to get well. He was released



on March 4th, as good as new. Dr. Shankman closed his record of the case with the cautiously generalized, though not inaccurate, diagnostic notation, "Sepsis, with a rash."



"Like that?"

• •

MOST physicians recover promptly from the distress of uncertainty. They are accustomed to it. Within a week or so, Dr. Shankman had almost managed to forget his unnerving experience. Then, one morning in the middle of March, having been summoned for what sounded over the telephone like a routine case, he found himself confronted by another unruly fever, with glandular swelling and a small, pimplish lesion. Later, he came to recognize lesions of this nature as an unmistakable symptom of the strange disease. The patient on this occasion was a woman of thirty-four who lived a few doors from the Lohrs. Dr. Shankman's heart sank as he examined her, but also his interest quickened, for he strongly suspected that he was up against the same freakish thing again. He still had no idea of what it was, but he did have a pretty good idea of what it *wasn't*. The tests made on the Lohr boy had shown that it wasn't any of the diseases it most resembled—chicken pox, typhus, endemic typhus, dengue fever, Japanese river fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, smallpox, or infectious mononucleosis. Dr. Shankman checked back over his records of the Lohr case and realized that he had no reason to be certain that the penicillin had been responsible for the boy's recovery. This time, therefore, he tried one of the sulfonamides. It seemed to be no more and no less effective than the penicillin. Since the powers of these two drugs are not identical, the Doctor was inclined to suspect that the disease he was confronted with was not affected by either.

This hunch of Dr. Shankman's was strengthened when, before the month was out, another of his Regency Park patients, a middle-aged woman, came down with the same illness. Treated only with aspirin, codeine, and reassuring conversation, she recovered in about the same length of time as the others had. Four or five more cases came to the Doctor's attention during April. They, too, responded favorably to non-medicinal therapy. Dr. Shankman reached the conclusion that the disease was at least self-limiting. Moreover, it appeared to be accompanied by no complications or troublesome aftereffects. "Those were very comforting things to know," he told me, "especially as it was beginning to turn up all over the place. Also, people in the neighborhood were naturally getting a little upset about it. It was nice to be able to assure them that it wasn't anything fatal, or even very serious. As a matter of fact, it's been nice to know that ever since, for we have yet to find a cure." At around this time, some residents of Kew Gardens got into the habit of calling the ailment Shankman's disease. Dr. Shankman laughed modestly as he recalled that brief promise of lasting fame. "Well," he said, "I guess I did see all the very first cases." Meanwhile, other Kew Gardens physicians had begun to encounter the same affliction. They were not tempted to call it Shankman's disease. They did, however, tend to agree with him that it was probably something disconcertingly new. Talking with these colleagues and reviewing his records, Dr. Shankman found that the disease was occurring only among residents of Regency Park. That struck him as odd, since there was nothing singular about the place that he could see. There were a dozen new cases in May, still all in Regency Park. Toward the end of that month, Dr. Shankman, feeling that the time had come for official action, reported the existence of the new disease and his perplexities concerning it to the Department of Health, which for a while seemed to show a depressing lack of interest.

As summer came on, more and more cases of rickettsialpox appeared in Regency Park. In spite of the assurances of Dr. Shankman and other physicians that the disease was not dangerous, an understandable apprehension spread through the three blighted blocks. People began to feel trapped. Several gave up their flats and moved away, preferring the agonies of home-hunting to illness. Their apartments did not remain vacant long; there were plenty of other people who evidently preferred the risk of illness to homelessness. Many residents of Regency Park began to experience a kind of social ostracism. Their acquaintances elsewhere in the city, after hearing rumors of the pestilence, hesitated to visit them. "It got so our oldest and best friends would hem and haw and act perfectly hateful when I asked them over to dinner," a woman who was an early victim of the disease remembers. "Why, even my own mother wouldn't come and see me."

Presently, after some intramural fumbling, the Health Department started its own inquiry by sending two of its most expert investigators to Kew Gardens. They interviewed a few of the sick, the convalescent, and the recovered, made some blood tests, conferred inconclusively with the neighborhood doctors, and hospitalized several patients for close, if rather fruitless, examination. Nearly a hundred cases, all among residents of Regency Park, had been reported by then, and the incidence of the disease was nearing epidemic proportions. A few days later, the newspapers got wind of the trouble. On Friday morning, July 19th, the *Times* carried a not entirely unruffled story in which Dr. Shankman was quoted as saying that the illness somewhat resembled Rocky Mountain spotted fever. The following Thursday evening, Dr. Shankman received a telephone call at his office from a man named Charles Pomerantz, who said that he had a theory about what the shriller newspapers had taken to referring to as the "Kew Gardens Mystery Fever," and asked if he could pay the physician a visit. Dr. Shankman had never heard of Mr. Pomerantz, but he told him to come right over, for at that point he was ready to listen to anyone with a fresh approach to the subject. What Mr. Pomerantz, who spoke guardedly, wanted, it turned out, was to inspect the Regency Park basements, and he hoped that Dr. Shankman could arrange it for him. The Doctor encouraged his visitor to be a bit more specific. Then, though more startled than convinced by what Mr. Pomerantz had to say, Dr. Shankman agreed to help. He is thankful that he did.

MR. POMERANTZ, a small, pink-and-white, highly combustible man of fifty who came to this country from Poland at an early age, is the president of the Bell Exterminating Company, on Hudson Street. He is also a gifted, self-taught entomologist, and something of an authority on ticks. He became an exterminator in 1936, after spending nearly twenty remunerative, but spiritually unrewarding, years in the jungles of Seventh Avenue as a manufacturer of ladies' coats. A brother-in-law, David Cantor, at that time a jaded pharmacist, wheedled Mr. Pomerantz into joining him in the exterminating business. "I was unhappy and restless and ripe for almost anything," Mr. Pomerantz told me, "but when David suggested we become exterminators, I recoiled. Cockroaches! Bedbugs! Rats! That went against my aesthetic sense. I am a man who keeps a volume of Keats on my bedside table, and I have progressed in fiddle playing to Mendelssohn. But then I thought, 'But pest control is science, and science enjoys a kinship with the arts. Why should I find it more repulsive than ladies' ready-to-wear?' So I assured David I was with him, and we hired a couple of experienced operators." Mr. Pomerantz let his fiddle-playing slide, abandoned Keats, and embarked on a course of technical reading. "It was a challenge to me," he said. "My blood raced with enthusiasm. First, I learned the façade, and finally I began to learn the marrow of the subject. I began to specialize in everything, especially ticks."

When Mr. Pomerantz opened his *Times* on the morning of July 19th and learned what was happening at Regency Park, his blood raced again. "I was intensely fascinated," he said. "Here was a disease resembling Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Rocky Mountain spotted fever is transmitted by the bite of a *tick!* And the tick is my specialty. I said to myself, 'If even the *Herr Doktors* are baffled, then Charles Pomerantz has a moral right to look into it.' " Mr. Pomerantz exercised his moral right on the afternoon of the following day by going out to Regency Park and thoughtfully casing the buildings from the street. He disclosed his identity to no one, not wishing his mission to be suspected of being tainted with commercialism. "I walked and walked," he said, "studying the outside economy, getting the feel of the problem. I asked people I met if many ticks had been found in the neighborhood, but nobody had ever heard of any. Even the owners of two dog kennels just across the street from the south block of apartments told me they had seen no ticks. And yet the disease had appeared in almost every building. With my knowledge of the mechanism and habits of ticks, I found it fantastic to believe that enough ticks—it would take hundreds, thousands—to cause so many people to become ill could suddenly invade an area without anybody finding a single one, not even kennelmen. Ticks are not so small that they are invisible, and when they are gorged with the blood of the necessary host, they are as big as a kidney bean. Besides, New York is not known for anything but the brown dog tick, which is not thought to carry infection to man. A

HOMECOMING—MASSACHUSETTS

After the satyr's twilight in the park
Where the Greek children burn among the bushes,
And past the Roman wall where icons are
Beside the hospital's white Renaissance,
I stroll across the Indian burial—
A glacial till on a Mesozoic ledge—
And come again to Mrs. Quinan's hedge.

Everything I have known here is dark.
The fruit we pilfered from her rustling trees
Is gone, and the trees are gone. She will not damn
Our thieving souls again. Her fishwife's tongue
That was a legend and a merriment
Was throttled by a cancer, a cross, a stone,
On a darker night than this. I turn alone

Onto the pavement, knowing we grow old
In any thought. My life waits on this street.
I walk it back from memory, a legend
Of mineral, vegetable, fish, fowl, and flesh,
Saurian, savage, satyr, Roman, clerk—
And Mrs. Quinan's imp, who died like her,
Leaving a faint distaste and then no taste
On a street of centuries. Good friends, good friends,
Nothing in our beginnings knows our ends.

—JOHN CIARDI

• •

"When are you ever going to learn your lesson about these pre-Broadway tryouts?"

puzzle!" Mr. Pomerantz went home that night as baffled as the doctors.

He was not, however, disheartened. He returned to Regency Park the next day, Sunday, and resumed his sharp-eyed, reflective strolling. Nothing came of it. On Tuesday morning, he trotted back for another look. By that time, he was convinced that the outside economy of the place was immaculate. He prepared to consider the inside economy. "I reasoned that if the cause of the trouble was inside," he recalled, "then there must be some locomotive mechanism that could go here, there, and everywhere through the buildings, thus spreading the infection. I asked myself, 'What is the most obvious such mechanism?' The answer came at once—a rat or mouse. But rats or mice are not known to *transmit* any rash-producing disease. So the rat or the mouse, whichever it is, must be merely the host—or, more entomologically, the reservoir—to a disease-bearing parasite that can bite and infect man. I worked the relationship out in my mind. The rat or mouse—and probably the mouse, because I had learned that there were many mice in the buildings but few rats—would be what we call the usual host, with man just the accidental host. But what kind of parasite? Then I had the answer. It flashed into my mind, and I said to myself, 'Ticks out! Mites in!' "

THE lack of intense conviction entertained by Dr. Shankman when Mr. Pomerantz presented this hypothesis to him is not surprising. From a medical viewpoint, it was a fairly eccentric notion. Most of the doctors who had treated cases of the peculiar disease were almost certain by then that the characteristic initial lesion was the bite of some minute creature, but they had little reason to suspect mites of being the guilty parties. At the time, it was generally believed that mites could transmit only two serious febrile diseases—Japanese river fever and endemic typhus. Both of these are rarely found in the United States, and anyway both had been eliminated from consideration in this instance by laboratory tests. Moreover, the mouse, unlike the rat, had never been proved to be a reservoir for disease-bearing parasites. Mr. Pomerantz admits that hitting upon the mouse as the probable host was largely intuitive. He is persuaded, however, that in singling out mites as the carriers—or vectors, as such agents are known—of the disease he was guided entirely by deduction.

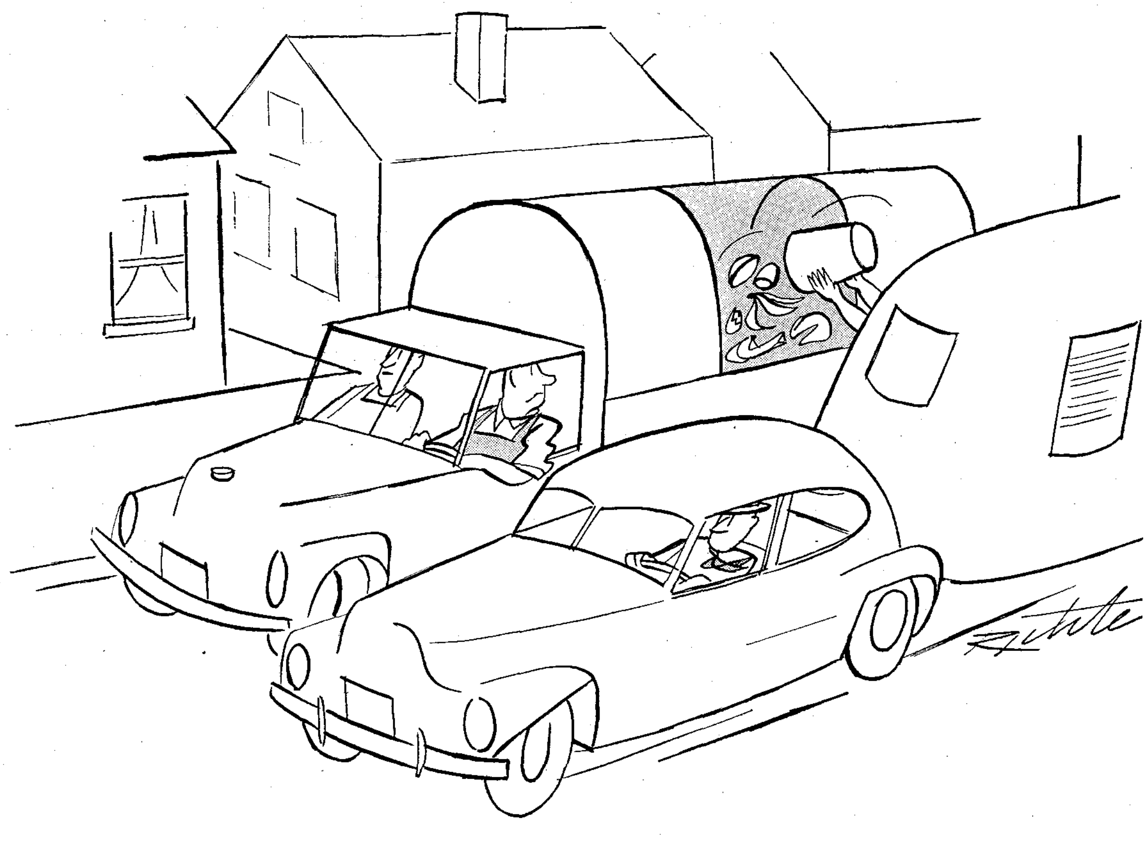
Mites are insectlike organisms, closely related to ticks. Both are members of the Arachnida, a class that also includes spiders and scorpions. Compared to a tick, a mite is a minute animal. A mite, when fully engorged, is about the size of the strawberry seed. In that state, it is approximately ten times its usual, or unfed, size. So far, science has classified at least thirty families of mites, most of which are vegetarian and indifferent to man and all other animals. The majority of the parasitic, bloodsucking mites have to feed once in every four or five days in order to live. Most mites of this type attach themselves to a host only long enough to engorge, and drop off, replete, after fifteen or twenty minutes. No one ever feels the bite of a mite —or of a tick, either, for that matter—until the animal has dropped off. (Entomologists believe that both creatures, at the instant they bite, excrete a fluid that anesthetizes a small surrounding area of the body of the host.) Mites are only infrequently found in this country and until recently were practically unknown in New York City. Consequently, very few Americans, even physicians and exterminators, have ever seen a mite. Mr. Pomerantz is one of those who have. He came across some in line of duty on three occasions in 1945. His first encounter was with cheese mites, a nonparasitic variety, in a private house at Hastings-on-Hudson. Some months later, in two widely separated Manhattan apartment buildings, he found infestations of the Oriental rat mite, a suspected vector of endemic typhus. These successive discoveries made a deep impression on Mr. Pomerantz. "Three distinct infestations all of a sudden," he reminded me. "Three warnings that New York and vicinity were no longer immune. I became alerted on mites."

Sponsored by Dr. Shankman, Mr. Pomerantz received permission from the building superintendent at Regency Park to explore the basements of the development on Sunday, July 28th. At one o'clock that afternoon, equipped with a flashlight, a magnifying glass, a couple of two-ounce specimen bottles, and a fine-pointed camel's-hair brush, he ducked resolutely into a cellar on Seventy-ninth Avenue. "I had that Stonewall Jackson feeling," he told me. "I *knew* there were mites somewhere in those buildings and I was determined not to go home until I'd found them. Of course, I wasn't a damn fool and didn't just look anywhere. If a detective is looking for a shady character, he looks where it is probable the criminal would hide. I searched the usual haunts of mites. Mites like to be cozy and sandwiched in. Thigmotropism, this instinct is called. So I examined the little cracks in the walls, and especially the tops of the incinerator doors." Mr. Pomerantz had trudged in and out of a dozen basements, and aroused scores of mice, before he spotted his first mite. It was overfed and sluggish, and, using the tip of his brush, he had no trouble flicking it into one of his bottles. By six o'clock, when he knocked off, he had bagged forty-five specimens, some unfed, some bloated. Success had left him shaken. "I, a humble pest-control operator, had found something to relieve the uncertainty of men of scientific learning," he said. "I can't describe my sensation of glory."

Mr. Pomerantz is happily married, but he had not discussed his theory with his wife. He did not do so even now. "There was still a chance that my mites might turn out to be physiologically or morphologically incapable of transmitting such a disease," he said to me. "I didn't want to raise her false hopes." When Mr. Pomerantz got home, he merely remarked, "Vera, I have something in these bottles that may make medical history." "I don't doubt it," replied Mrs. Pomerantz, a woman in whom, I gathered, the inquisitive instinct is blunted. "Supper is almost ready."

Mr. Pomerantz ate a light supper, read a few chapters of "Medical Entomology," by William B. Herms, and went to bed early. Before he got to sleep, he had decided to take his mites down to Washington the next day and get an authoritative opinion on them from a professional acquaintance, C. F. W. Muesebeck, who is the head of the Division of Insect Identification of the United States Department of Agriculture.

It was midafternoon when Mr. Pomerantz reached Mr. Muesebeck's office. Mr. Muesebeck, after hearing the mite theory, examined the specimens with interest and then dispatched them to one of his colleagues, Dr. E. W. Baker, a mite specialist, for identification. An hour or so later, Dr. Baker reported that the mites were members of a rather rare species, *Allodermanyssus sanguineus*, discovered and classified in Egypt in 1913, and that, although they had no medical history, they had always been looked upon by parasitologists as possible transmitters of disease. Mr. Pomerantz assured me that he received this stimulating news with a scientist's urbanity. "But I was all electricity inside," he added. "I was vibrating. I felt wonderful. Mr. Muesebeck even asked me to collect some more specimens for them." Mr. Pomerantz left his mites in the hands of the government and hopped the next train back to New York. That night, he told his wife everything. "You are to be congratulated," he remembers her saying calmly, to which he replied, throbbing with hope and prophecy,



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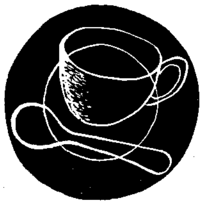
"Something has been accomplished, but greater events are coming."

BY this time, the more general investigation of the new disease conducted by the city health authorities was well under way. It embraced the clinical, etiological, and epidemiological aspects of the malady. Among those called in to help was a senior assistant surgeon in the United States Public Health Service named Robert J. Huebner. It is customary for municipal authorities to ask the Public Health Service for assistance with troublesome cases. The Service welcomes such invitations, especially because it likes to show what can be accomplished by its National Institute of Health, at Bethesda, Maryland, where it maintains a high-powered staff and superb laboratory facilities. Dr. Huebner, who is young, tough-minded, and carefully unenthusiastic, is a staff worker at the Institute. His assignment in this instance was to try to determine the cause of the disease. He suspected, as did several other investigators, that some member of the genus *Rickettsia* was responsible for the infection. That would account for the resemblance of the disease to Rocky Mountain spotted fever and to typhus, both of which are rickettsial ailments. The rickettsiae, which are named for the late Dr. Howard T. Ricketts, the American pathologist who discovered them, in 1909, are a class of minute bacteria-like organisms, much smaller than real bacteria and generally very elusive. Dr. Huebner buckled down to his job without much expectation of success.

The usual method of isolating a disease organism, and the one that Dr. Huebner followed, involves inoculating a group of highly susceptible laboratory animals whose reactions to disease are known to be similar to man's with a specimen of blood obtained from a person suffering from the disorder. Only if an animal becomes sick and exhibits the symptoms of the disease, as happens with exasperating infrequency in the case of so mild an affliction as rickettsialpox, is the transmission considered a success. The next step is simply a check to make certain that the results of the first were not a fluke. It consists of inoculating another group of animals with a fluid made from diseased brain tissue of the infected animals. If any animals in the second group come down with the disease, the organism is presumed to have been isolated, and fluid made from the brain tissue of these animals is then injected into the yolk sac of a fertile chicken egg. There the organisms multiply with exceptional alacrity, and thus a denser concentration of them is obtained. Smears of the yolk sac are next placed on slides—a very delicate operation—and at last, if everything has gone right, the organisms become visible under the microscope and, with luck, identifiable. For weeks, checking and rechecking in the Institute's laboratories, Dr. Huebner tried in this way to isolate the organism responsible for the Regency Park epidemic. He travelled tirelessly back and forth between Kew Gardens and Bethesda, conferring with Dr. Shankman on the clinical aspects of the illness, procuring new specimens of blood, and supervising the inoculation of hundreds of animals—white rats, cotton rats, rice rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, monkeys, and Syrian hamsters, which are a cross between a rat and a guinea pig. In all, he took specimens of blood from about twenty patients.



Only one specimen turned out to be of a strength sufficient to produce infection in any of the animals. Dr. Huebner had hardly counted on even that. It was obtained, on July 26th—by which time about a hundred and twenty cases of the disease had been reported—from one of Dr. Shankman's many patients, a twenty-two-year-old woman named Marjory Kaplan. Miss Kaplan has since achieved a kind of immortality in medical literature as the donor of what is called, as a rather stark tribute to her, the M.K. Organism. For a while, it looked to Dr. Huebner as if her morbid gift, like those from the other patients, had been made in vain. "Then a fortuitous incident occurred in the laboratory on August 4th, nine days after we had inoculated five mice and two guinea pigs with Miss Kaplan's blood," he told me. "The guinea pigs and three of the mice hadn't reacted at all to the serum. One of the other mice had reacted, all right, but it had got sick and died at night, when nobody was around. By the time we found it, it was of no use to us. Well, I happened to be standing beside the cage where we were keeping those mice and I noticed that one of them was lying down. Then, all of a sudden, it rolled right over and died. Very obliging. We had the organism transferred from it to another group of animals within fifteen minutes. The test went along very nicely from there on. It was a fine, strong strain, apparently. We were able to keep passing it from one animal to another for weeks and

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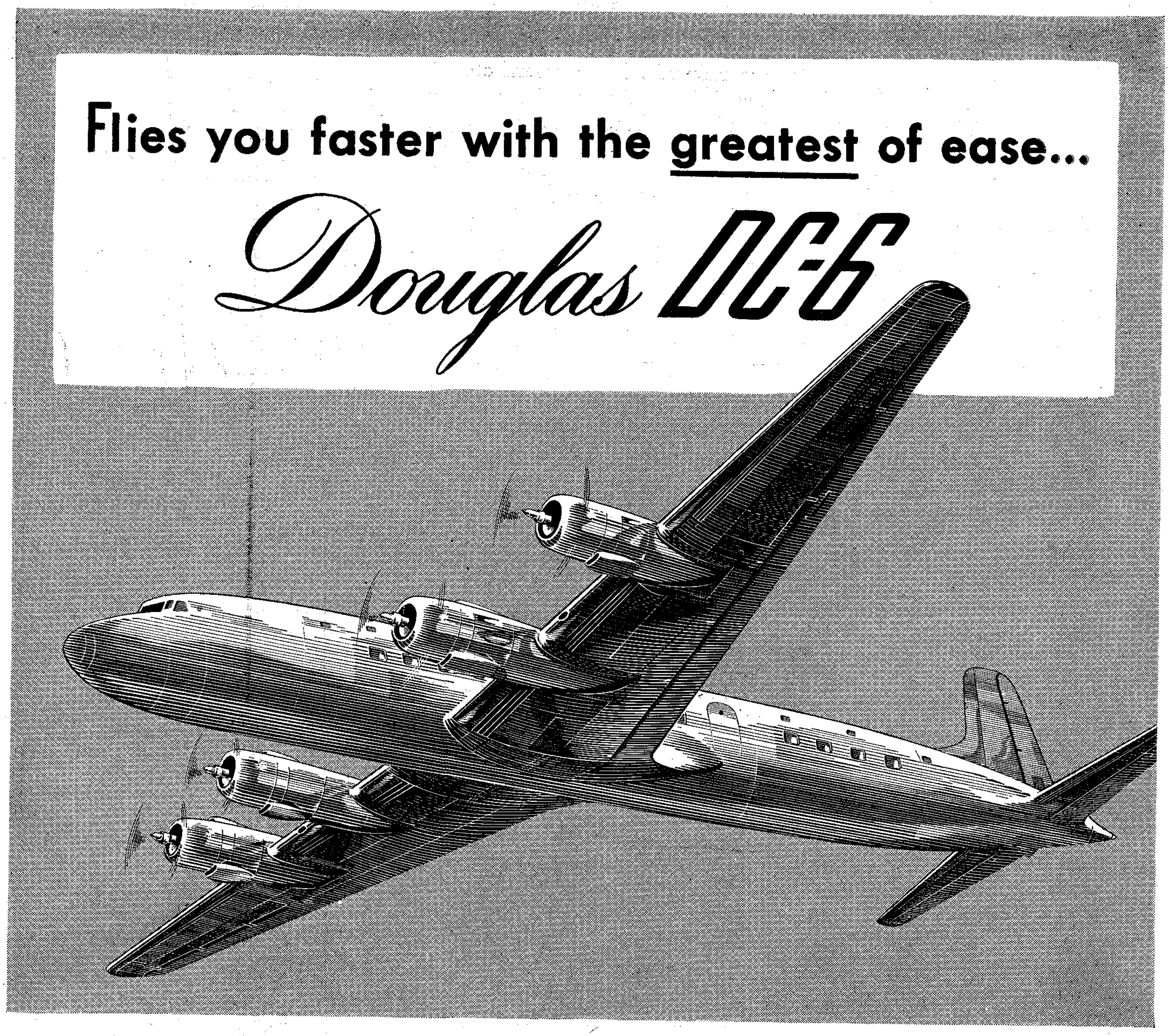

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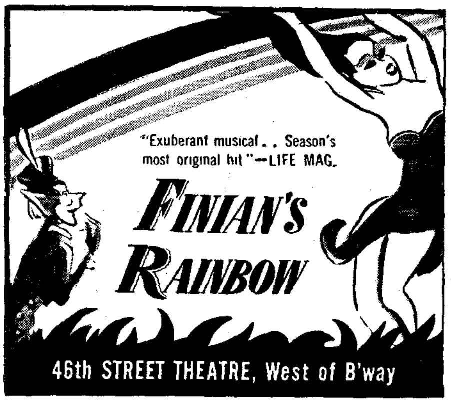
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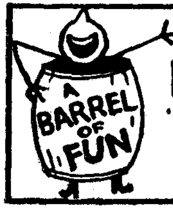
A BARREL OF FUN

"A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"
"NOTHING FUNNIER or more ENTERTAINING!—A RIOT EVERYONE SHOULD SEE!"
—Jimmy Savo
PLYMOUTH THEATRE

weeks." This was the organism that eventually was isolated and recognized as a rickettsia. Later, several other tests revealed that the organism was a previously unknown species of the genus.

MR. POMERANTZ, in the meantime, had dispatched another batch of Regency Park mites to the Division of Insect Identification. They, too, were *Allodermanyssus sanguineus*, Mr. Muesebeck reported. He didn't ask for any more, and, feeling a little let down, Mr. Pomerantz returned halfheartedly to exterminating. He couldn't think of anything else to do. Then, on August 16th, he was exhilarated all over again by a telephone call from Dr. Huebner, whose activities he had been wistfully following in the newspapers. Dr. Huebner, it developed, had been informed of Mr. Pomerantz's discovery by Mr. Muesebeck. "It was an interesting piece of information," Dr. Huebner said to me. "We were beginning to get somewhere in our isolation tests and we knew that Regency Park was crawling with mice, but we didn't know what was actually carrying the organism. Pomerantz's mites sounded like the missing link. If we could produce the disease in a laboratory with mites and then trace its cause back to the same organism, we'd have a very illuminating cycle. Also, if we could definitely establish it as a mouse-borne and mite-transmitted disease, we'd have not only the cause but the preventative as well. It would simply be a matter of keeping down the mouse population." Dr. Huebner's telephone call to Mr. Pomerantz was to ask if he would care to catch some mites for *him*. Mr. Pomerantz didn't have to be urged. That very day, he abandoned his business, for what turned out to be the rest of the summer, and raced out to Regency Park. The next morning, he met Dr. Huebner there and happily handed him a generous sample of mites. His impression of Dr. Huebner was favorable. "I saw he was a true scientist," Mr. Pomerantz assured me. "He knew how to say, 'I don't know.' We got along fine. I had been afraid that he might think I was a smart alex who was just seeking commercial publicity, but he understood right away that I was as much above reproach as Caesar's wife."

Mr. Pomerantz spent seven weeks in the basements of Regency Park, blissfully gathering mites. Dr. Huebner was insatiable. The days flew by. Occasionally, at Dr. Huebner's suggestion, Mr. Pomerantz varied his work by trapping mice, and to his delight he found most of them to be ridden with disease-

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carrying mites. Once, he had the satisfaction of capturing a mouse on which ten mites were feeding. Toward the end of August, when Dr. Huebner began to give most of his attention to the mite phase of his study, a field laboratory, staffed by Public Health Service operatives, was set up in the basement of one of the apartment houses, in order to expedite the processing and shipping of Mr. Pomerantz's catches. On September 10th, one of the Service's foremost parasitologists, Dr. William L. Jellison, who is engaged in research at an experimental station at Hamilton, Montana, was called to Regency Park to lend an experienced hand in the conduct of the laboratory. He, too, impressed Mr. Pomerantz as a true scientist. "Dr. Jellison never remembered to eat," Mr. Pomerantz informed me. "I always had to keep reminding him that we'd missed lunch and that it was now past dinnertime. He subsisted on love of work. I found his attitude very contagious. And yet somehow I gained five pounds."

ON the morning of Tuesday, October 1st, Dr. Huebner, who had spent the weekend at Bethesda, sauntered into the basement field laboratory. Mr. Pomerantz was alone in the room. Dr. Huebner grinned at him. "Well, Charlie," he said casually, "we've made it." "Bravo!" Mr. Pomerantz shouted. It was his last utterance for several minutes. "I was suddenly stricken dumb," he told me. "I turned pale and weak. I realized that he had said more than that the investigation was a success. That 'we' included *me!* Dr. Huebner of the United States Public Health Service was calling Charles Pomerantz of the Bell Exterminating Company his scientific colleague. Who can describe my wonderful feelings? It was like meeting Mischa Elman and I had my fiddle and he had his fiddle and we sat down and played together Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

Myrna Loy and Gene Markey have abandoned their plans to go to India because conditions are so turbulent over there. They'll go to New York instead.
—*The Journal-American.*

Which is a hotbed of tranquillity.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

One of the most interesting events for the ladies will take place on Wednesday . . . when there will be a petting and approach contest on the golf course.

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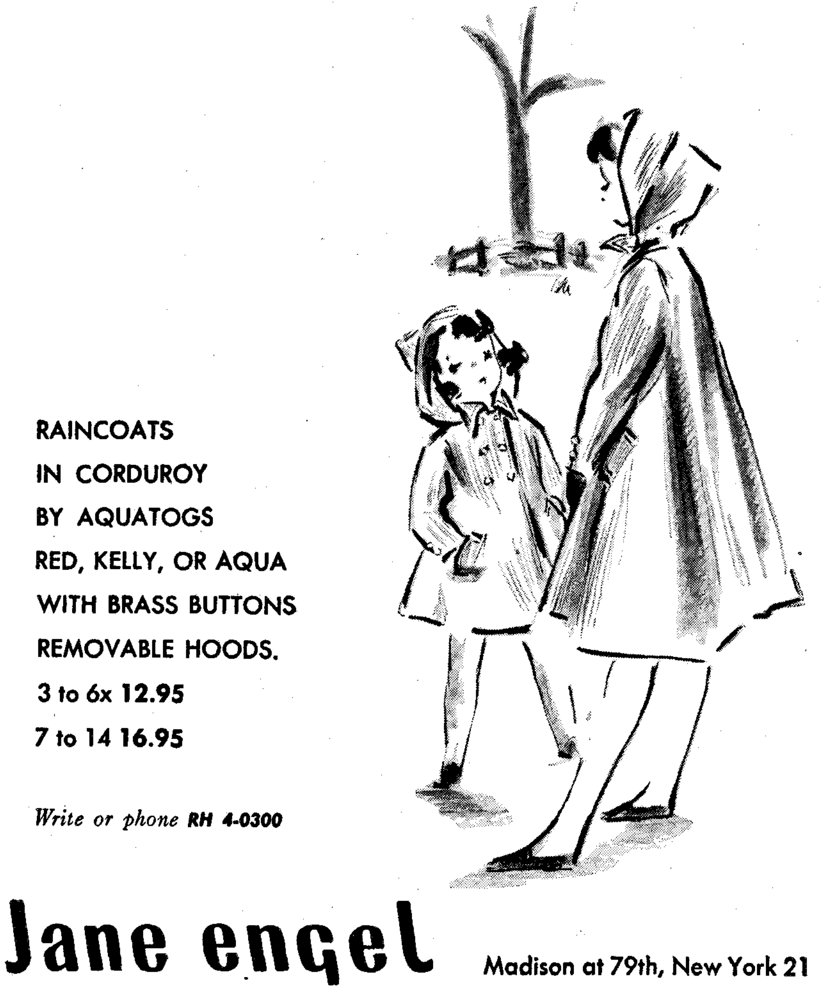
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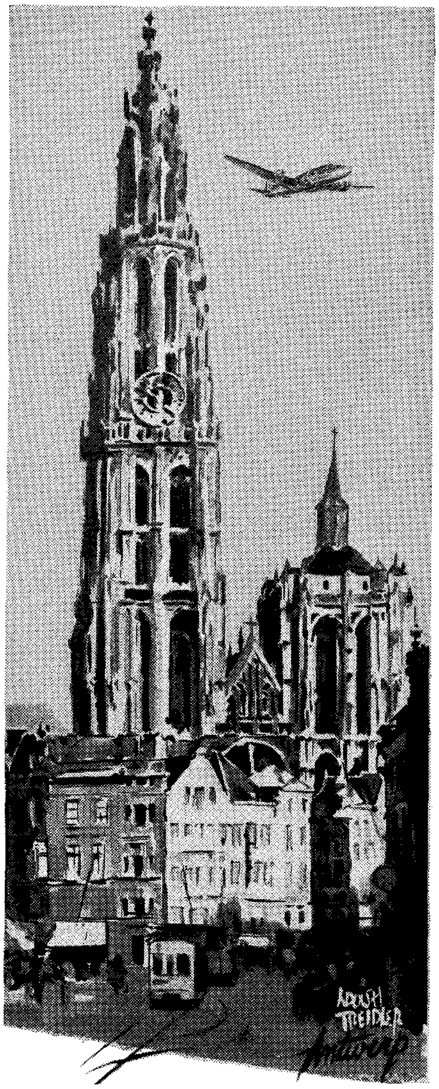

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Roman Tragedy

THE Italian film called "Shoe-Shine" deserves to be classified as one of the great, simple, and unforgettable motion pictures. Its dialogue is in Italian, but there are English subtitles sufficiently good to make a spectator's ignorance of Italian hardly any handicap, although one can't help feeling that a picture so superbly done in other respects must also have dialogue worth understanding word by word.

NEXT
RDAY
NTIC
de Pauw

This is a story of some shoeshine kids who station themselves in front of the Hotel Imperiale in Rome during the early days of the American occupation. Two of the boys, Giuseppe and Pasquale, are dear friends, and they are saving their money in the hope of being able between them to buy a beautiful dappled horse from a riding academy, where they have occasionally rented the animal. Upon this horse, Giuseppe and Pasquale have fastened all their boyish affection, which has been thwarted otherwise by circumstances. At last, they manage to buy the horse, by becoming the tools of some adult criminals of the black market. The boys are caught, imprisoned, and, as victims of an appalling penal system, not only turned into real criminals, although neither started out as fundamentally bad, but also made to hate and to betray each other. Aristotle said that tragedy must contain incidents that inspire pity and terror. Well, without trying to swap my seersucker suit for Aristotle's mantle, I would be willing in his absence to bet eight to five that he would admire this picture and pronounce it true tragedy.

"Shoe-Shine" is photographed without any pretentiousness whatever, and the performances of the child actors are true and touching. One of the most effective qualities of the film is its handling of the scenes showing the brutality of the prison officials, none of whom appear to be motivated by sadism only. Instead, they, like the children, seem caught in a situation that is hopeless. The two leading players, Rinaldo Smordoni, as Giuseppe, and Franco Interlenghi, as Pasquale, need to have a prayer said for them: May they never be attracted to Hollywood. Surely, at some point in such a grim and heartbreaking story, Hollywood would have made them "cute." They never are that in "Shoe-Shine."

"FRIEDA" is a British-made film that raises the problem of what to do with the Germans, then ducks the whole question in a splatter of melodrama. It has good points, such as its warm views of British village life and the excellent playing of Flora Robson, David Farrar, and Glynis Johns, but the picture is of no great consequence as a whole.

Farrar plays the part of a British flier who in 1945 returns to England with a German girl, Frieda, who saved his life after he had been shot down in Poland. He has gone through a marriage ceremony with the girl but only to enable her to get a British passport. The understandable hatred of the village folk for her gives rise to much inconclusive debate over the individual German's responsibility for the crimes of the German nation. The role of Frieda is taken by Mai Zetterling, a Swedish actress, who seems like a revival of the early Garbo—the same gaunt cheeks, the same deadpan in emotional crises. Miss Zetterling does have a species of sorrowful allure. It's too bad the story falls to pieces at the end, with an attempted suicide, a fight in the billiard room of a pub, and other such violent disturbances.

A PARTISAN of vaudeville may have occasional bits of fun at "Mother Wore Tights," but even he will want to go out for a smoke whenever the story sets in, for then everything, Technicolor and all, bogs down knee-deep in molasses. Dan Dailey, who plays a dancing vaudevillian, should be given nine more chances, because he is excellent. Betty Grable is also on hand, and Mona Freeman, who plays the daughter of these two, is lovely.

—JOHN MCNULTY

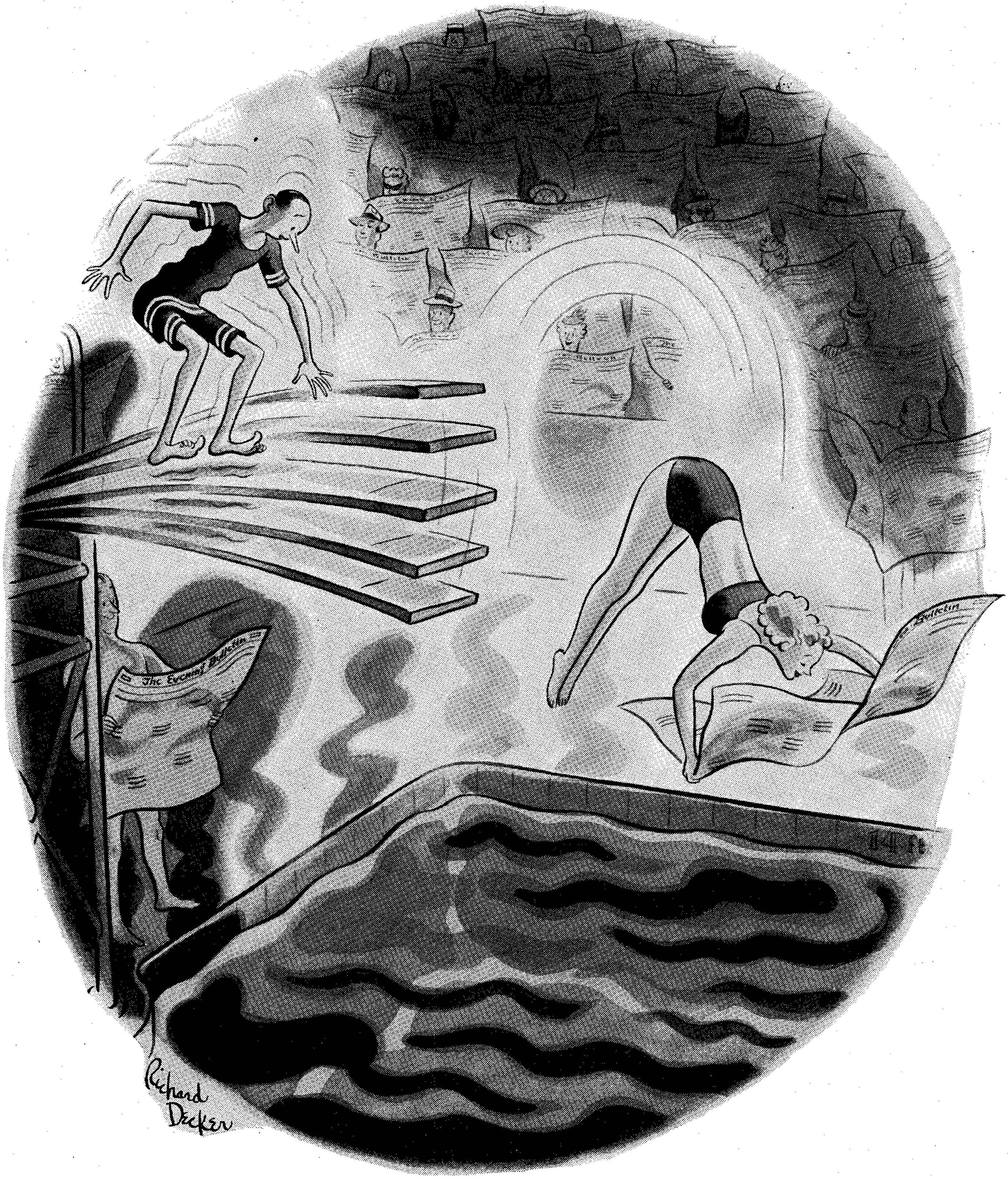
•

Reflection is the path of immortality.—*"The Invisible Man Murders," by Richard Foster, page 54.*

Meditation is the path to immortality.
—*Ibid., page 77.*

Vigilance is the road to immortality.
—*Ibid., page 80.*

Better get an Esso map.


The Evening Bulletin
Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

The Sunday Bulletin — first issue
published February 9, 1947

Books and World Recovery

THE desperate and continued need for American publications to serve as tools of physical and intellectual reconstruction abroad has been made vividly apparent by appeals from men of learning in many lands, and from Americans who have seen that need. The American Book Center for War Devastated Libraries has, in the past year and a half, shipped nearly 1,000,000 volumes of highly selected books and periodicals abroad.

The Book Center, continuing its program through 1947, is making a renewed appeal for donations of books and periodicals, for publications of intellectual merit in all fields, and particularly for volumes published during the last ten years. Of especial value are complete or incomplete files of *The New Yorker.* Such donations to the program will help in the reconstruction which must preface world understanding and peace.

Ship contributions to the AMERICAN BOOK CENTER, THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON 25, D. C., freight prepaid, or write to the Book Center for further information.

American Book Center for War Devastated Libraries, Inc.

THE RACE TRACK

First Million

I SUPPOSE everybody has been aware for some time, in a vague way, that Warren Wright is again leading the list of money-winning owners. He has been first for four of the past six years, and it was rather taken for granted that he'd be ahead in 1947. You may be surprised, however, to learn, as I did after his Fervent won the American Derby in Chicago last Saturday, that Mr. Wright's horses have collected $970,241 in prize money this year. If the stable keeps rolling along at this rate, it may break a million by the end of the week—a fascinating possibility. No racing establishment anywhere ever amassed such a collection of purses and stakes before in one year. Mr. Wright set the previous high—$601,660, in 1944—when winning a million was unthinkable because there weren't many prizes in five and six figures and because nobody in those days ever had had such an array of money spinners under one shed. By rough count, Armed has won $218,925 this year; Bewitch $206,875; Faultless, who went lame after the Belmont Stakes last May, $202,730; and Fervent $174,860, $70,950 of which was his share of the Derby. In addition, a number of other racers (the Farm has about thirty in training) have contributed a dollar here and a dollar there.

Fervent must be a fast colt (the going at Washington Park is fast, too), for he ran the mile and a quarter Saturday in 2:00⅗. Cosmic Bomb was second and Phalanx a poor third. Oh, well, Eastern favorites have never had any luck in the American Derby anyhow. While I'm on the subject of Calumet Farm successes at Washington Park, I might remind you that earlier in the week Armed won the Whirlaway Stakes, a forty-thousand-dollar number named for his famous stablemate; he ran the mile and a furlong in 1:48⅗, and that's not exactly buggy-horse time, either.

As big a disappointment as any Mr. Wright has had—and even the owner of the world's most successful stable has one now and then—was the blackout of the hundred-thousand-dollar, winner-take-all match between Armed and Assault this weekend. As you've probably heard, Assault developed foot trouble

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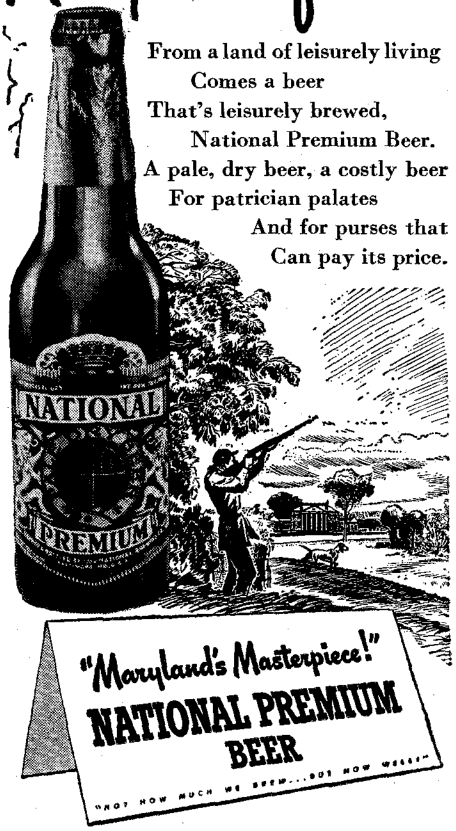
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(his right forefoot has always been slightly malformed) after a workout, and the Washington Park management decided to call the whole thing off. Armed's next chance to run up his lifetime earnings, at the moment a tidy $604,080, will be in either the twenty-five-thousand-dollar Chicago Handicap on Saturday or the fifty-thousand-dollar Washington Park Handicap on Labor Day. Assault will return to Belmont with what's left of the hundred gallons of Saratoga drinking water that he took to Chicago with him.

THE best show at Saratoga last week was the Alabama Stakes, won by But Why Not. Almost everyone had expected that she'd win easily, but as it turned out, she was hard pressed and beat Cosmic Missile by only a head. The reason was that as But Why Not took the lead in the stretch, Cosmic Missile came up fast on the rails, swerved sharply to the right, and bumped the King Ranch's filly. Although knocked off stride slightly, But Why Not gave no ground. Instead, she bore to the left and bumped Cosmic Missile right back. No protests were made; apparently both stables decided that one good bump cancels another. Cosmic Missile's luck is something to grab at the heartstrings of an old softie. This season, she's finished second in the Kentucky, Pimlico, Coaching Club, and Delaware Oaks, as well as in the Alabama—a record that puts her far in front for the Always-a-Bridesmaid Stakes.

I couldn't work up much enthusiasm over the racing at the Spa last weekend. The Grand Union Hotel Stakes, which dwindled down to four runners (one fell, and then there were three), was hardly more than a good gallop for My Request, and the historic old Saratoga Handicap was almost a carbon copy of the Whitney Stakes, earlier in the meeting, with Rico Monte and Gallorette again finishing first and second. Stymie won't run for the Saratoga Cup this Saturday, because the track is too hard, but don't forget Better Self in the Hopeful.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

They say that when John Kieran takes a walk, he stops at every bush and tree.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

Experting the stumps?

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Milwaukee Journal*]

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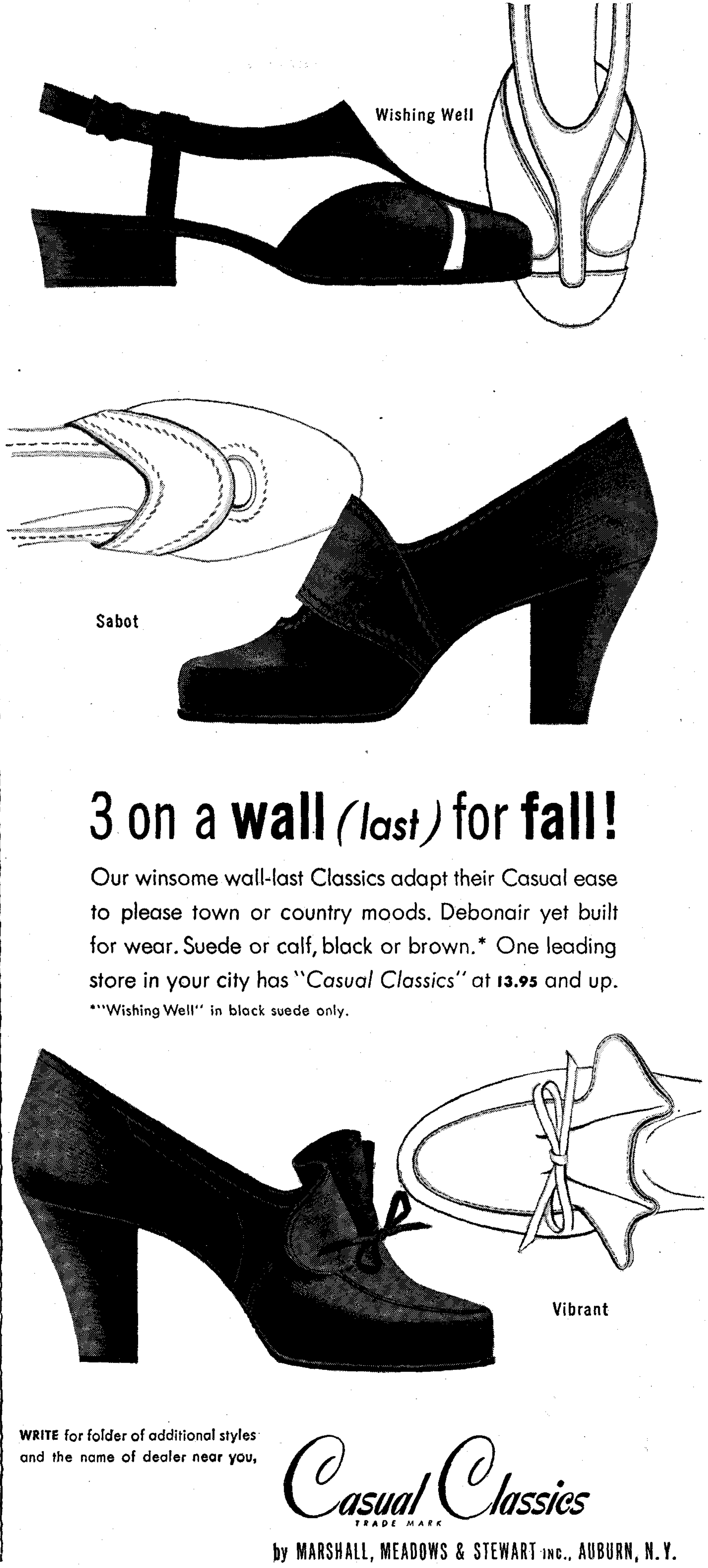

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CANADA	**76** Women	NATIONAL AFFAIRS	**86** Women
CINEMA	**121** Women	PEOPLE	**102** Women
EDUCATION	**96** Women	PRESS	**81** Women
FOREIGN NEWS	**81** Women	RADIO	**85** Women
INTERNATIONAL	**82** Women	RELIGION	**104** Women
LATIN AMERICA	**75** Women	SCIENCE	**74** Women
LETTERS	**97** Women	SPORT	**52** Women
MEDICINE	**102** Women	THEATRE	**118** Women

For 100 men

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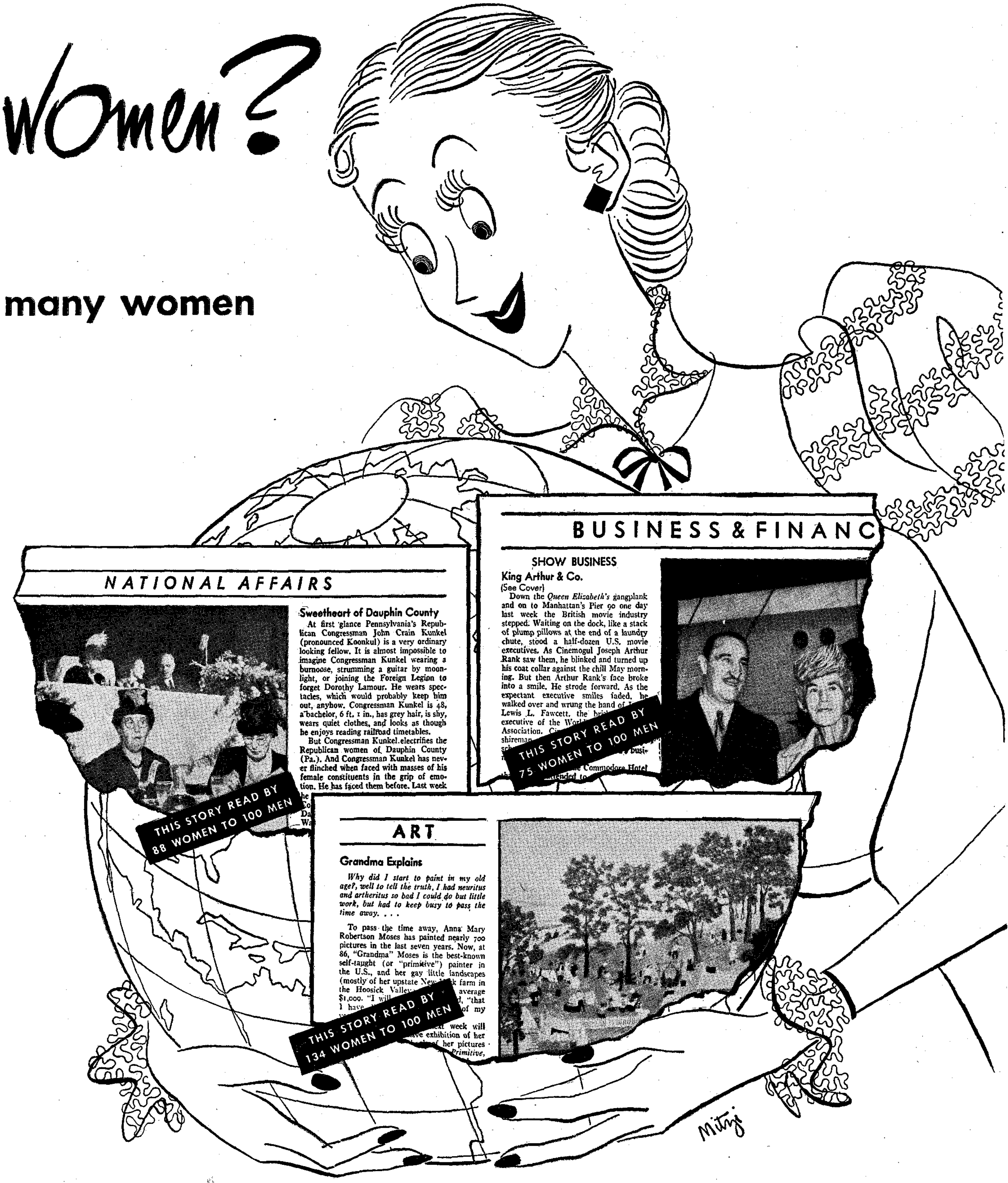

THIS STORY READ BY 88 WOMEN TO 100 MEN
THIS STORY READ BY 75 WOMEN TO 100 MEN
THIS STORY READ BY 134 WOMEN TO 100 MEN
Mitzi

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Sweetheart of Dauphin County

At first glance Pennsylvania's Republican Congressman John Crain Kunkel (pronounced Koonkul) is a very ordinary looking fellow. It is almost impossible to imagine Congressman Kunkel wearing a burnoose, strumming a guitar by moonlight, or joining the Foreign Legion to forget Dorothy Lamour. He wears spectacles, which would probably keep him out, anyhow. Congressman Kunkel is 48, a bachelor, 6 ft. 1 in., has grey hair, is shy, wears quiet clothes, and looks as though he enjoys reading railroad timetables.

But Congressman Kunkel electrifies the Republican women of Dauphin County (Pa.). And Congressman Kunkel has never flinched when faced with masses of his female constituents in the grip of emotion. He has faced them before. Last week

BUSINESS & FINANC

SHOW BUSINESS

King Arthur & Co.

(See Cover)

Down the *Queen Elizabeth's* gangplank and on to Manhattan's Pier 90 one day last week the British movie industry stepped. Waiting on the dock, like a stack of plump pillows at the end of a laundry chute, stood a half-dozen U.S. movie executives. As Cinemogul Joseph Arthur Rank saw them, he blinked and turned up his coat collar against the chill May morning. But then Arthur Rank's face broke into a smile. He strode forward. As the expectant executive smiles faded, he walked over and wrung the hand of Lewis L. Fawcett, the executive of the Association. Commodore Hotel

ART

Grandma Explains

Why did I start to paint in my old age?, well to tell the truth, I had neuritus and artheritus so bad I could do but little work, but had to keep busy to pass the time away. . . .

To pass the time away, Anna Mary Robertson Moses has painted nearly 700 pictures in the last seven years. Now, at 86, "Grandma" Moses is the best-known self-taught (or "primitive") painter in the U.S., and her gay little landscapes (mostly of her upstate New farm in the Hoosick Valley average $1,000. "I will "that I have of my week will exhibition of her her pictures *Primitive,*

Why does TIME interest women so much?

- *Shown above are a few of the many articles in one recent issue of TIME that satisfy an intelligent woman's natural curiosity about the world around her . . . and appeal to her personal interest in how the world affects her home, her family, and herself!*

nd women who are everybody's Best Customers!

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

DIARY OF A VIEWER

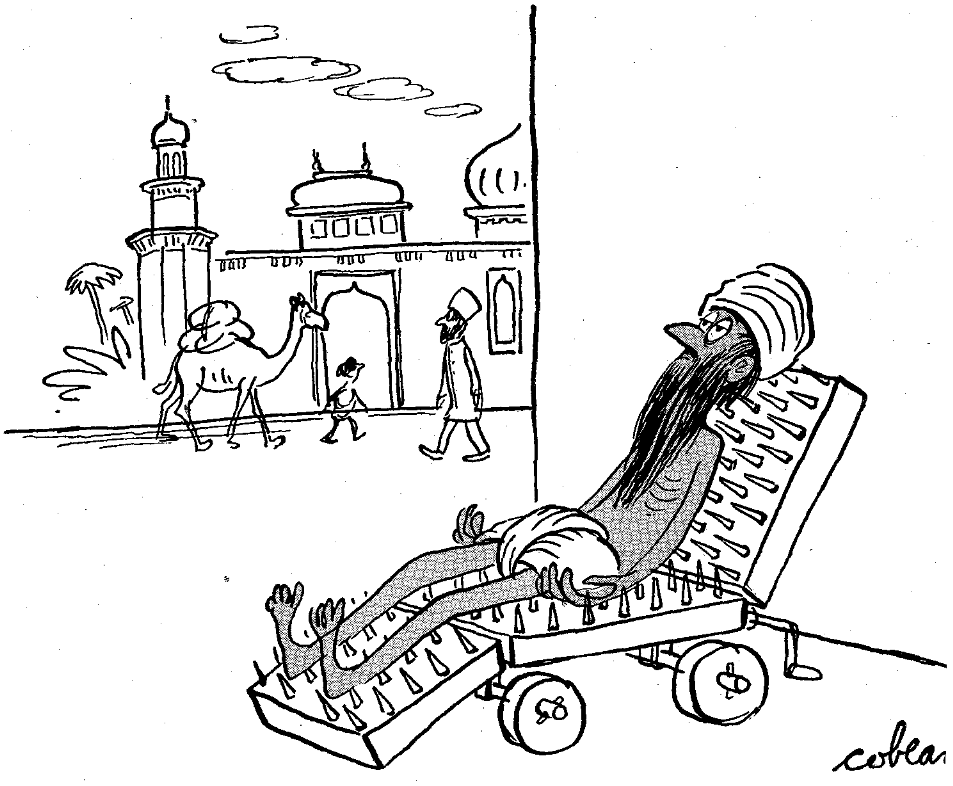
MONDAY—I have found my man at last, and tomorrow I shall be a viewer. Tracking down Harry Dubin, the television-set owner who has agreed to chaperon my viewing, has been an intricate undertaking. The area within range of New York's three television stations is a circle whose radius is forty-five to fifty miles; whose circumference, roughly and reading counterclockwise, touches Smithtown, Long Island; Westport and Ridgefield, Connecticut; Croton Falls and Highland Falls, New York; and Hamburg, Chester, Hightstown, and Spring Lake, New Jersey; and whose population of set owners with no professional interest in television is less than thirty thousand. In Manhattan, beyond whose limits I hesitate to travel, there are fewer than seven thousand such non-professionals and, I am half ashamed to record, not a single one of them is an acquaintance of mine. What complicated the search further was that I was not just looking for any old Manhattan set owner but for one so enthusiastic about his role as a pioneer that he would be willing to have me come to his home to view television in the bosom of a typical American set-owning family. My object is to learn what it's like to live with that new branch of entertainment which its trade press persists in calling the Video Art.

I phoned Mr. Dubin this afternoon and he was most courteous about my project, expressing considerable admiration for the Video Art. He has had his set since November, 1941, which makes him one of the two or three thousand most experienced viewers in the area. Even though he and his family are used to viewing, he told me, they continue to enjoy it. "Of course, it has detracted a good deal from my reading time," he said. "And with children it's not so good sometimes. I find they don't get their homework done." But he obviously attaches little importance to his reservations. After all, nothing in life is perfect, not even television.

Dubin is the owner of the Regent Food Shop, a natty grocery and meat market at Eightieth Street and Lexington Avenue, patronized by Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. Harvey Cushing, Mrs. Marshall Field III, Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mrs. Sidney Howard, Mrs. Fredric March, and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, among others. Alfred Lunt goes to the Regent when he needs a particularly toothsome bunch of finochio or an extra-fancy sprig of tarragon. Dubin's apartment is on the third floor of a large apartment house at Eighty-sixth and Madison, and I am to be there at seven-thirty tomorrow evening for one of the family's favorite weekly programs, "Cash & Carry." I hope I enjoy the view.

TUESDAY—The members of the Dubin household are, in the order in which I met them this evening, Harry himself, a hospitable man with wavy hair and a bow tie, who was admitted to the bar before he veered off into the grocery business; his wife, Juliette, who has red-gold hair and who looked extremely attractive in black-and-white checked slacks and a yellow shirt; Ronald, an uninhibited fourteen-year-old high-school freshman whose hobbies include photography, drawing, and the care and feeding of tropical fish; Jane, ten and a half, pretty, auburn-haired, very subdued; Boots, a nine-month-old Boston terrier who barks when horses appear on the television screen; and, finally, The Set. My presentation to The Set was an elaborate ceremony, performed by Dubin while the other members of the family were arranging chairs in front of it for the evening's viewing. It is a big R.C.A. cabinet model with an eight-by-ten-inch screen, standing in a corner of the living room, beside the doorway from the foyer. It cost three hundred and ninety-five dollars in 1941. Assuming, and rightly, that in all matters relating to television I was thoroughly unschooled, my host led me on a conducted tour through the knobs and buttons that control the set's operation. I was a little disappointed by the power switch, the channel selector, and the volume control, which have the same functions their equivalents have on the old-fashioned "radio," but the knobs that control the image were more satisfactory. I was allowed to make the image brighter and darker, to make it slide off sidewise until it dissolved into a series of vertical lines, and, best of all, to make it slide up and down on the screen as if it were a series of frames on a movie film. By the time Dubin had pronounced me a promising beginner at tuning in a telecast (I trust that the creative minds now at work on television will soon think up some plausible-looking words to describe what they're doing), Mrs. Dubin, Ronald, and Jane had turned off all the lights in the living room and foyer, had taken their places, and were ready for "Cash & Carry," which was being telecast as a sustaining program by WABD, a station operated by the Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc. Dubin offered me a comfortable chair with the best possible view, hastily seated himself in the chair nearest the foyer—"so I can get to the telephone fast," he explained to me with a mysterious wink—and cautioned all of us to pay strict attention to what was about to happen. "Remember the rules," he said sternly to Ronald. "No talking when the cues go on."

"Cash & Carry" is a contest pro-



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Have you tried the finest beer we ever brewed

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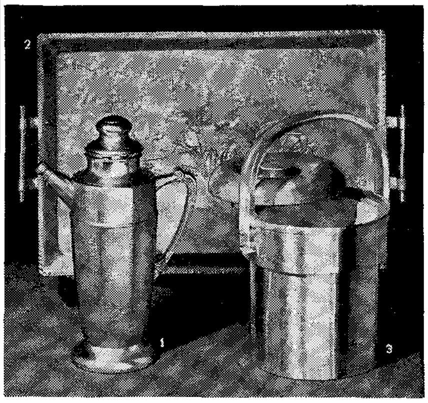
Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York



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1. Ideal for general use is this polished aluminum Cocktail Shaker in hammered finish. Height 13½ ins., capacity 2 quarts. Each $16.50.

2. Sturdy handled aluminum tray of many uses. Deeply embossed rose decoration, hammered finish. 14 x 20¾ ins., overall. Each $10.00.

3. Ice Tub and Champagne Cooler of hand spun aluminum. Crock-lined to keep contents cold or hot. Polished birchwood lid, cork sealed, and lucite handle. Capacity 3½ quarts. Height 14 ins. Each $15.00.

Plummer LTD
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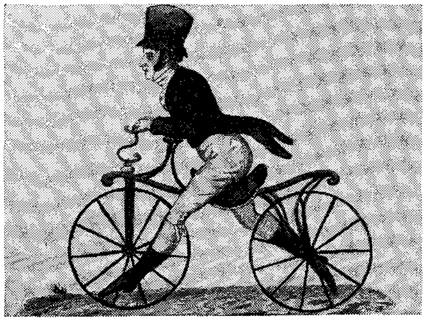
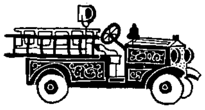
1,000,001 OLD PRINTS



OLD PRINTS FOR HOME OR OFFICE
SEND FOR CATALOG
The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York

JAMES AMSTER INTERIORS YARD 215 E. 49th ST.

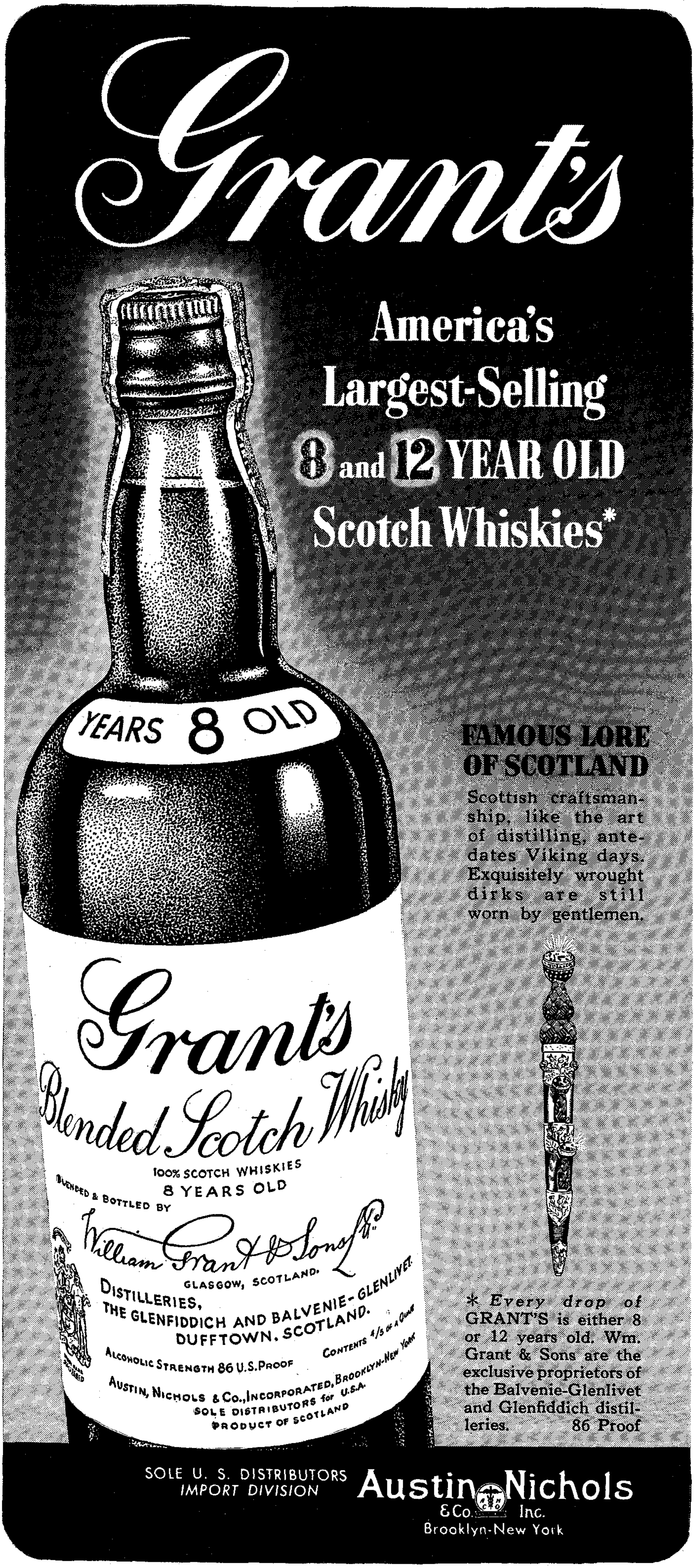
gram, enacted in a setting that is designed to represent a country store and presided over by a jovial party named Dennis James and a pretty, dark-haired girl named Joan Murchison. Within a few moments, it became obvious that a television camera is used pretty much the way a movie camera is. In the course of the program, the cameras (there seemed to be two in operation) moved around a good deal and switched freely and frequently from long shots to closeups to medium shots, and so on. The long shots were long enough to show, in focus, the entire store, while the closeups dilated to a full eight-by-ten-inches the faces of the performers or the various props with which the setting was cluttered, and blurred out the background entirely. The appearance of Miss Murchison caused some consternation among the Dubins, who recognized her at once as a newcomer to the show and wondered what had become of the girl who had always been James's assistant before. In a closeup, Miss Murchison explained that the other girl had gone on to better things, but she was rather vague about what such things were or could be. At this point, the image began to billow slightly. "Some girls look better that way," said Ronald. "Shh!" said his father, and he made a few delicate adjustments of the controls, causing Miss Murchison to stop billowing. James now told us that there was a barrel in the corner of the store (closeup of barrel), that something was in the barrel, and that the goal of both the viewers and a half-dozen contestants selected from the studio audience was to guess *what* was in it. (The studio audience as a whole we could hear but not see.) If a studio contestant guessed the answer, he'd get a five-dollar prize, and the first viewer to phone in the right answer would also get five. The second and third viewers to phone in the right answer would receive tickets to future shows. James went on to promise that clues to what was in the barrel would be contained in his conversations with the contestants.



The first contestant James called up to the camera was a Mr. Belcher, from Arlington, New Jersey. James said hello to Belcher and asked him if his name wasn't Belcher, if he didn't live in Arlington, New Jersey, and if he knew what was in the barrel. One of the things he said was "I don't want to hand you a line," which the Dubins immediately spotted as a clue. While Belcher, who also spotted it as a clue, was guessing that the barrel contained a clothespin, the Dubins were carrying on a whispered consultation, which culminated in Dubin's saying insistently, "Fishing reel, fishing reel," and dashing off to the telephone to make his guess known to Du Mont. He returned a few moments later with word that fishing reel wasn't it, and the family composed itself to listen for the next clue. Meanwhile, James had called Belcher's wife onto the set. As a penalty for guessing wrong, Belcher was told to attire himself in a raincoat, rain hat, and gloves, and instructed to catch five fish, which Mrs. Belcher would pick out of a pail and toss to him. He did all this, and James pulled a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket and handed it to Belcher as a reward—two dollars per fish caught. James then took what he described as a string of Marvella pearls from one of the store shelves and handed it to Mrs. Belcher in tribute to her accurate aim. The Belchers walked out of the store, or, at any rate, off the side of the screen. To the next contestant, James said, "If you guess right, you'll be the receiver of five dollars." That clue was all Dubin needed. He raced off to tell Du Mont that the barrel contained a telephone. When he returned, he was crestfallen. "Gosh darn it!" he said. " 'Telephone' was it all right, but a party called just eight seconds before I did with the answer." "Well, anyway, we'll get tickets," Mrs. Dubin said soothingly. There were several more contestants who made unsuccessful guesses and performed hilarious stunts, among them a teamster and father of five named Jackman, from West New York, New Jersey, who was put to bathing and dressing a baby doll. Jackman stuck the baby's head in a tub of water, and the studio audience could be heard laughing. "You know," said Dubin, who was on the show once himself, "James tells you when you go on to do something funny."

Neither of the two other New York stations—WNBT, which is run by the National Broadcasting Company, or WCBS-TV, run by the Columbia Broadcasting System—was on the air tonight, so when "Cash & Carry" ended, the Dubins left WABD tuned in to see what would happen next. The showing of a Western movie, "Thunder Over Texas," with Big Boy Williams, was what happened next, by courtesy of Chevrolet. Before the movie, which ran for an hour, began, an actor impersonating a cowboy appeared on the television screen. "Howdy, folks," he said. "Me and the boys was herdin' around the Texas line and . . ." I didn't catch the exact phrasing of the rest of his remarks, but the sense was that there was nothing like a Chevrolet to go herdin' in. The elder Dubins and I withdrew to the other end of the room, and, to an accompaniment of gunfire, thundering hooves, and drawled adjurations by various pardners to assorted hombres, the Dubins related to me some episodes from the family's long and happy relationship with the Video Art. Three times, they told me proudly, they have been the first viewers to guess what was in the "Cash & Carry" barrel, and several other times they have been close enough to first to receive tickets for the show. The time Dubin was enlisted as a contestant, James found out that the Dubin children were at home watching and he urged Dubin to say something to them. Dubin said, "Go to bed, Janie," which probably made Janie the first child in history to receive that well-known parental order via television. According to Dubin, the telecasting of movies has not worked out very well up to now. The film people have not permitted the television people to use any new feature pictures. For the most part, the movies used have been educational and musical shorts, newsreels, old Westerns, and such. Also, there have been technical difficulties. Large areas of black or white are not picked up too well on television. Too much black seems to create a kind of sporadic aurora-borealis effect on the television screen. Consequently, a telecast movie, right now, is rather unpredictable.

I asked Dubin how he had become a viewer in the first place. He told me that he and his wife, one evening in 1941, had visited a man who owned a set, and had seen a program featuring Little Jack Little and his band. "I was fascinated," Dubin said, "and I knew right then I wanted to have a set of my own." He went on to explain that he had been overcome not by Little Jack Little but by the idea that "all this movement and flesh could be carried into my living room through the invisible air." He is still impressed by this thought. I asked if owning a television set had changed their social life much. Mrs. Dubin said that perhaps they went out a little less frequently than they used to and entertained at home a little more. When they first got it, they never left the house, Dubin told me. Now they view only two or three times a week. They make a big occasion of events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America's Largest-Selling 8 and 12 YEAR OLD Scotch Whiskies*
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Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
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THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
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PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND

Scottish craftsmanship, like the art of distilling, antedates Viking days. Exquisitely wrought dirks are still worn by gentlemen.

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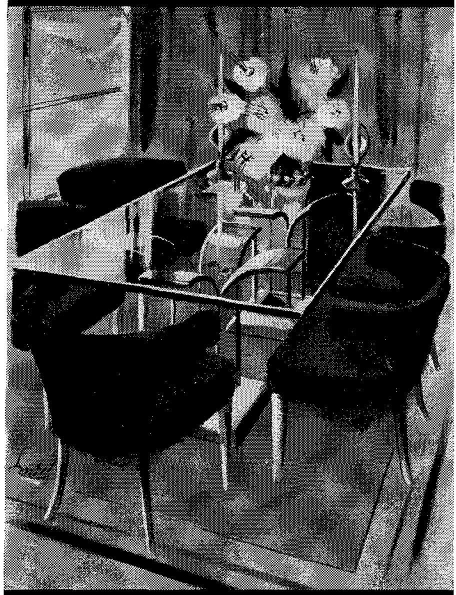

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COBB'S MILL INN
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★ North on Route 57, off Merritt Parkway, Weston, Westport, Conn. ★
Dancing Every Saturday Nite

Alexandra
Fine food, congenial surroundings, unhurried service.
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Complete Dinners from $1.25
Luncheons from 65¢
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Try the famous Alexandra Salad Bowl.
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PLaza 3-1542

like a Joe Louis fight, when they have twenty-five or thirty guests in. Dubin remembers the Louis-Mauriello fight last fall with particular vividness. "Just before it started, I went into the kitchen to fix a drink, or something," he told me, "and when I came back, it was all over. But I was not incensed, because I had paid nothing." In six years, the set has cost Dubin just sixty dollars to maintain, the price of replacing the original cathode-ray tube, which is the set's screen. His set has not, surprisingly, become obsolete. There have been minor improvements in television sets in the past six years, but nothing basic. In terms of clarity and sensitivity, his set bears about the same relation to the latest models that a 1941 radio would bear to the new radios. And a cabinet model with the same size screen as his would today cost much more than he paid.

By this time, Big Boy Williams had polished off his last varmint, and we returned to the set to see what was on. A lady was addressing Mrs. Housewife on the subject of how to reupholster chairs. "Oh, that reminds me," said Mrs. Dubin to her husband, "we have to get those dining-room chairs reupholstered." "This is a very timely program," Dubin said to me bitterly. The education of Mrs. Housewife was followed by a twenty-minute short on the Golden Jubilee of the Automobile, in Detroit, which in turn was followed by a commercial for United States Rubber. By then it was nine-thirty, and the station signed off with a rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Jane went off to bed; Ronald took me to his room to show me his Speed Graphic and his tankful of blue gouramis, red platys, and black mollienisias; and I made a date with his parents to return on Sunday to watch N.B.C. attempt to cope, Video-wise, with "Twelfth Night," in observance of the three-hundred-and-eighty-third anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare.

SUNDAY—Only Dubin was on hand tonight to view "Twelfth Night" with me. The rest of the family were keeping a social engagement at which Dubin was due immediately after the program. If he were not taking his role as my host so seriously, I'm sure that he would not have stayed home at all this evening, despite his fondness for Shakespeare.

"Twelfth Night" started with the appearance on the screen of a placard bearing a picture of Elsie the Cow and a message reading, "Borden Presents." This was followed by a placard reading, "Will Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night,' " and by a placard reading, "Plus." Then came a closeup of a television script, on the top page of which was written, in longhand, "A Commercial." This changed to a medium-long view of an announcer holding the script. "Here, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "is the original manuscript of the commercial for this evening's program. It sings the praises of Lady Borden Ice Cream, and so it's really *inspired* prose." His voice continued, while onto the screen, to illustrate his remarks, came a picture of a carton of ice cream and then a live lady eating some ice cream and making extraordinary faces to show how delighted she was with its "full richness" and its "fresh, clean taste." Finally, the announcer said, "So ends the commercial, and our play"—pause—"begins." We then were vouchsafed a few moments of a motion picture depicting surf beating on the rock-bound coast of, presumably, Illyria. This turned into a setting representing a seacoast, and, with the colloquy between Viola and A Captain, the play started. I wondered what had become of Act I, Scene 1, which starts with Orsino's saying, "If music be the food of love, play on," but my fears that these immortal lines had been abandoned were soon dispelled, for this scene turned up presently as Act 1, Scene 2. In the course of pruning "Twelfth Night" to an hour's running time, N.B.C. had felt called upon to make some structural alterations.

Even among the most vehement admirers of Shakespeare, there are many who would just as soon spend no more than an hour on "Twelfth Night," and I'm sure that those of them who saw the show tonight were pleased. Somehow or other, N.B.C. managed to employ five settings, and the costumes were better than the Shakespearean average. The lines were distinctly enunciated, the actresses who played Olivia and Viola were nice-looking girls, and the actors portraying Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek made Dubin and me laugh. Dubin enjoyed the play immensely. "This is the first time television has risen to a professional level," he told me as we went down in the elevator. "I think it is coming of age. In a stage production, you're apt to miss some of Shakespeare's more beautiful word pictures, but this was done in a conversational way. It was excellent, excellent." As we parted at the corner of Eighty-sixth and Park,

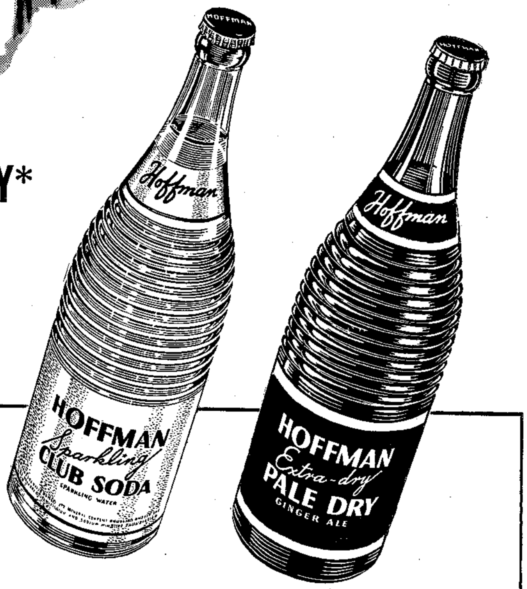
Where Roof Garden Swing is Strictly the thing...

DINK SIEGEL

In Metropolitan New York MORE PEOPLE SAY*

"Hoffman is the Finest!"

Results of Recent Survey in Metropolitan New York by Two leading Independent Research Organizations.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Richardson's
PRODUCTS
"For Your Bridge Club Nibblers"
Richardson's
STRIPED, CREAMY
OLD FASHIONED
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Half Pound
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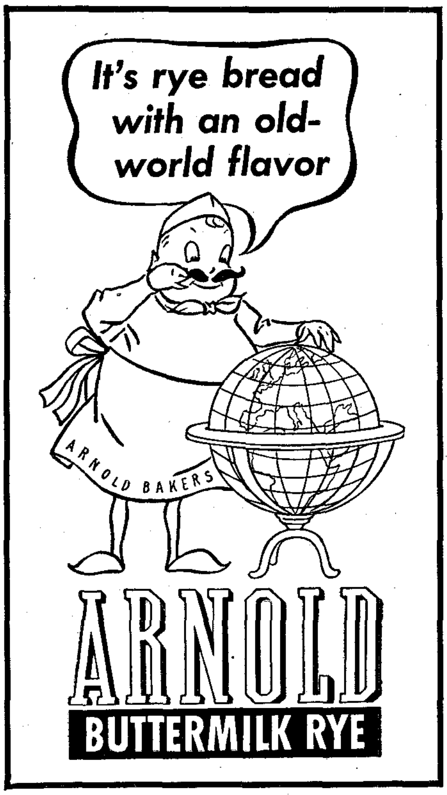


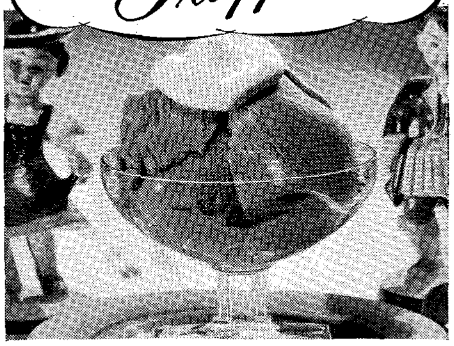
Sea-Fare
1033-1st Ave.
Sutton Place
41 W. 8th St.
Greenwich Village

he told me that the family will be watching some fights and wrestling matches Friday, if I care to join them.

FRIDAY—The Video Art this evening was devoted almost entirely to a series of personal encounters between muscular young and middle-aged men. On WNBT, there were the fights from St. Nicholas Arena; on WABD, there were wrestling matches from Jamaica Arena. The Dubins had other guests tonight, a Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Albert, who emphatically chose to view the wrestling first. "Wrestling's much funnier than fights," Mrs. Albert said. Albert, an attorney, is a dark, good-natured man who frequently attends sporting events. As he sat down in one of the easy chairs in front of the set, he said, "Don't you have someone to hit me on the head with a program or yell in my ear, so I'll feel natural?" Dubin said he was sorry he couldn't oblige. Viewing at the Dubins' has only one inconvenient aspect. When five or six chairs are put in front of the set, any movement through the doorway between the living room and foyer is fairly difficult. However, the only people likely to move are the Dubins, energetically foraging for pretzels or beating their way to the kitchen to mix drinks, and no one could possibly mind being stepped on in these circumstances.

We turned on the set a little before the matches started and, passing up a musical movie short on WABD, found ourselves, on WNBT, in the middle of Central Africa, surrounded by gazelles and acacia trees. The reception was not nearly as good as it was last week. "See that herringbone effect?" Dubin asked gloomily. "This should not be. That doctor in the building may be using his diathermy machine." The herringbones quickly vanished, but they were followed by an effect of overbrightness. He fiddled with the controls, and the lighting returned to normal. "Aha!" said Dubin. "The contrast was not in proper relation to the illumination." We were, it seems, viewing a movie travelogue. It was followed by a commercial for R.C.A. Victor. Next came an animated-cartoon commercial. A woolly lamb said, "I, as Botany's woolly lamb, predict tomorrow's weather," but before the prediction there was a little drama in which a villainous footpad held up the woolly lamb, not for his money, not for his diamond ring, but for his Botany tie. The weather tomorrow will be cloudy and cooler. We switched to WABD just in time to get a Longines Watch commercial, which showed motion pic-

Chocolate Marshmallow Frappé



A dessert off the beaten path!

TOP RICCIARDI French Chocolate Ice Cream with marshmallow sauce.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is a *dish!* For the Chocolate Ice Cream made by Ricciardi is everyone's idea of truly rich and creamy ice cream, with the deep chocolate flavor!

So be sure to use Ricciardi French Ice Cream, and enjoy grand flavor, superb creaminess. Sold at better drug and confectionery stores. Served in better hotels and restaurants.

Ricciardi
FRENCH ICE CREAM
an ice cream of rare excellence

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FROM $3 A MONTH
Choose from a vast collection of original paintings by famous American and European masters. Descriptive brochure sent on request.
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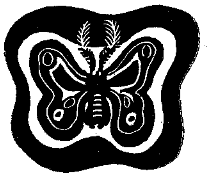
Makers of Art
Hair Pieces
FOR PARTLY or ALL BALD SCALPS
INVISIBLE
Inside Transformations for young ladies.
Our 32 years of experience have made many disappointed people happy again.
CHARLES & ERNEST, Inc.
109 E. 47th St., N. Y. - WI. 2-5571

DOROTHY ROSS
Sings her "FRIS-GAY" BALLADS
THE NEW
CLUB BAGATELLE
3 EAST 52nd ST.
OPEN FROM 9 P.M. TO 3 A.M. (No Mondays)

tures of football games and still pictures of stopwatches. This was followed by a placard revealing that the American Shops, a single, large men's-clothing store in Newark, were about to present wrestling matches. That made four commercials in a row. "Got any peanuts, boy?" asked Albert. "Sure. Here," Dubin said, handing him a bowl of salted ones.

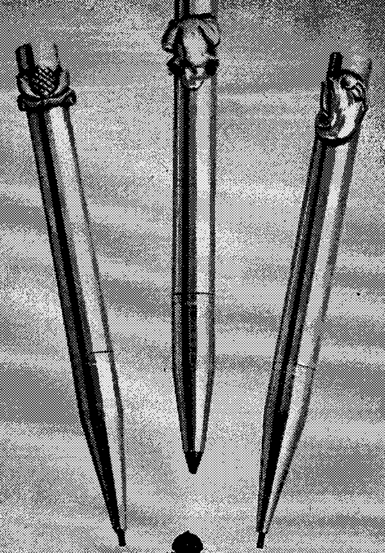
The first match was between a pair of stout gentlemen introduced as Jesse James and Jimmy Marconi. They went through a complicated ritual of twisting each other's neck in the ropes, biting each other's calves, and bashing each other's chin with their forearms. Occasionally, a dramatic groan or an anguished yelp could be heard. Only one camera was being used at Jamaica, apparently, but it followed the wrestlers around so nimbly that our view was better than any we could have had in the arena except from the ringside. Presently, Marconi inflicted three brutal flying mares on James, followed them with three body slams, pinned his dazed adversary to the mat, and was declared victorious. A placard asserting that Kenny Baker says "I like American Shops clothes" instantly appeared on the screen. The next bout, which lasted a full half hour, was a draw, following which we learned that Ray Bolger also approves of American Shops clothes. The reception, which had been deteriorating steadily, was completely wild by now. Most of the time the image looked like a photographic negative, with all the blacks white and the whites black. When, on occasion, the tones returned to normal, the figures of the wrestlers began to multiply. It was nothing at all for seven or eight Sandor Kovacses to be putting seven or eight hammer locks on seven or eight Laverne Baxters.



Dubin switched to WNBT, where everything was lucid, but after three or four rounds of boxing, with Gillette commercials thrown in between rounds, we all agreed that the wrestling, even when multiplied by seven, was much more entertaining. We got back to Jamaica in the midst of another match, which was even more stirring than the first three. The reception was so shaky, however, that we tuned out after about ten minutes, and Mrs. Dubin, who is one of the most bountiful hostesses I have ever met, passed enormous helpings of ice cream and cake. Peanuts, popcorn, pretzels, and highballs had been circulating all evening, and on a coffee table was a prettily arranged bowl of fresh fruit. Before I left, Ronald invited me to spend tomorrow afternoon watching the Dodger game with him and his friends (he's a passionate Brooklyn fan), and Mrs. Dubin asked me to come over next Wednesday to view whatever entertainment we can find.

WEDNESDAY—As I would have expected if I had heeded Botany's woolly lamb, the Dodgers and I were rained out on Saturday, which led me to ponder the value of a device that is useless on a rainy Saturday afternoon and keeps you indoors on a fine one. Ronald and I switched our date to another Saturday. This evening, the Dubins, two other guests, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Gaines, and I had quite a session in front of the set. When I arrived, at about seven-fifteen, I found my hosts in a state of high satisfaction. They were the first viewers last night to guess that the "Cash & Carry" barrel contained a pencil, and they won five dollars. I congratulated them, and we tuned in WNBT, which was having a gala. "The Kraft Television Theatre," presenting "The Double Door," was to be seen for the first time on a cathode-ray tube in this or any other hemisphere. "The Double Door," in the likely event you never heard of it, is a fifteen-year-old horror piece about an unpleasant lady named Victoria who disapproves so strongly of her brother's marriage that she locks his bride in an airtight vault. In the third act, the bride is rescued, and Victoria goes off her rocker. The play lasted an hour, and after it was over and the commercial had begun, Mrs. Dubin said she thought that during a play whose action covered several months the actresses should have changed clothes at least once. Being a groceryman, Dubin may be presumed to be a merchandising expert, and he thought that Kraft's proclaiming in its commercial that McLaren's Imperial Cheese is "not plentiful and it's not low in price" was a dubious inducement to purchase it. The Gaineses offered no comment. I asked the Doctor whether he had had any previous experience with the Video Art. "I saw it at a patient's house once for a few moments," he replied, "but it oscillated a little."

WNBT's next offering was "In the Kelvinator Kitchen," with Alma Kitchell. Ronald pleaded with his father to get another station, but Dubin was firm. "I want to see what's cooking," he said. "Last week, it was a chocolate party pie," Ronald said in disgust. This



For Purse or Pocket
Designed exclusively for us in sterling silver, decorated with our acorn, frog or tulip motifs, these pencils are 3 inches long and have thin or medium leads . . .
$10 INC. TAX
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
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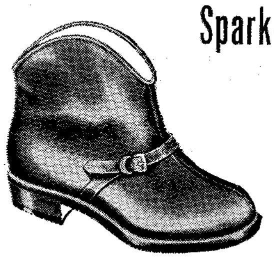

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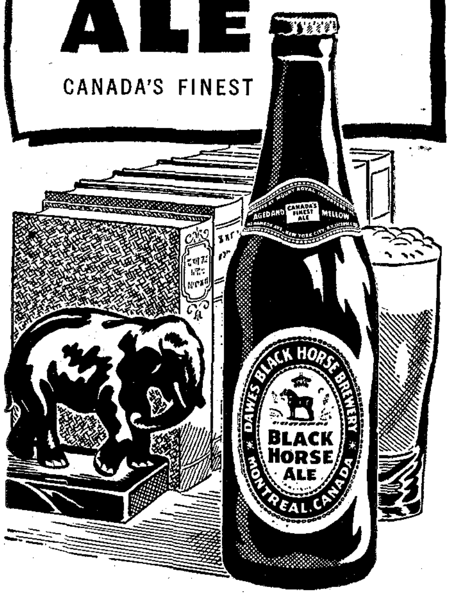

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week it was a planked steak, and Mrs. Kitchell found the raw materials for its preparation in, of course, a big, shiny Kelvinator. The Kelvinator occupied a prominent place on one side of the set, which was a fine, white modern kitchen. Opposite the refrigerator was a large stove. Mrs. Kitchell said that the steak she was going to plank was a porterhouse, and held it up to the camera so we could see how nicely marbled it was. Dubin became indignant. "That is *not* a porterhouse," he said. "It's a hip, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Gaines. "You're good," Dubin said. "I could see the bone," said Mrs. Gaines. Meanwhile, Mrs. Kitchell had put the steak in the broiler and was telling us she would keep it there only thirty minutes, because she liked it rare. Mrs. Dubin pointed out that the broiler didn't seem to have been preheated, and Mrs. Kitchell went on to show us pictures of various steaks. The pictures were like lantern slides. Each one filled the screen, and when it was on, Mrs. Kitchell could be heard talking but was no longer visible. The first slide, she said, was of a porterhouse. "That is *not* a porterhouse," Dubin muttered. The next one, she said, was a sirloin. "*That's* a porterhouse," Dubin said. She said the next one was a club. "A club doesn't have a fillet," Dubin said in exasperation. The next one, Mrs. Kitchell said, was a T-bone. "That's more of a club," Dubin said. The kitchen—with Mrs. Kitchell puttering in it—returned to the screen. Although the steak was under the broiler, the plank was not. "For goodness' sake," Mrs. Dubin said, "the plank is still on the table." Jane spoke for the first time in two whole evenings. "Who eats it?" she asked. "After it's cooked, they throw it away," Ronald replied. Dubin tuned in WABD for the fights from Jamaica.

Whatever caused the poor reception of last Friday's wrestling matches had been corrected by WABD, for tonight the fights came in admirably from the same place. Two cameras were operating, and we were shown a number of edifying closeups of cut eyes being swabbed, spectators cheering, and the timekeeper bonging the bell. Perhaps the fights themselves were not very stimulating, however, because the only details I can clearly remember are that Harry James, Arturo de Cordova, Jack Haley, and Ed Sullivan all like American Shops clothes.

SATURDAY—Across the windows in the Dubins' living room, this sunny afternoon, drapes were drawn and

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pinned together. All illumination was extinguished in the foyer, and Ronald watched the door to the kitchen jealously to guard against any eruption of day from that quarter. Ronald and eight of his friends (Billy, Bernie, Ferdy, Murney, Rickey, two Stevies, and Tommy) were assembled in front of the set, waiting for Post 40% Bran Flakes to bring them a baseball game between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Phillies, on WCBS-TV. It was the first Columbia Broadcasting System program I had seen. Ever since the Federal Communications Commission, back in March, ruled that Columbia's scheme for introducing color television immediately was unacceptable, WCBS-TV, evidently, has been in a sulk. Throughout the spring, N.B.C. and Du Mont were signing up new sponsors and putting on new programs, while C.B.S. dismissed almost all its studio staff and abandoned the production of "live" studio programs. It gets by these days with the Dodger games, some old movies, a news program or two, and a few other odds and ends.

Ronald and six of the other boys had contributed ten cents each to a pool on the game's final score. The seventy cents lay on a corner of the set. It took me about half an inning to become accustomed to telecast baseball. The view used most often was a medium shot from slightly to the third-base side of the plate, which put the pitcher in the upper left-hand corner of the screen and the batter, the catcher, and the plate umpire in the lower right-hand corner. I was able to follow the ball from the pitcher's hand to the catcher's, but when a batter hit it, I couldn't see it at all. When the ball was hit, the view would switch immediately to a closeup of the infielder or outfielder who was about to make a play or to a view of the whole infield. Occasionally, a long shot of the entire playing field was used, but only for purposes of atmosphere. In the closeups of the crowds and of men around the plate, first base, or third base, a great deal of detail was visible, often including the expressions on the players' faces. None of the players' voices could be heard. An announcer could be heard intermittently—though not seen—throughout the game. He would always tell who was at bat and would from time to time comment on a play, but he did not describe the details of the game as a radio announcer would. The noises of the crowd were constantly audible in the background. Between innings there were brief commercials, all making it clear that Post 40% Bran Flakes were good for me and for my whole family, too. Ronald, who turned out to be just as thoughtful a host as his parents, was distributing pretzels, peanuts, popcorn, and potato chips.

Brooklyn scored in the first inning and Philadelphia scored in the second, following which the game settled into a relatively placid affair, with the Dodgers enjoying a one-run lead. "Will you please remove your head?" asked Ferdy, who was sitting next to me in the back row, of one of the Stevies, who was in front of him. "Yeah, mudface," replied Stevie. Ronald announced that he was going to the drugstore to get some ice cream. "Open the elevator shaft and jump," someone advised him. Shortly afterward, Dubin senior came in. There was very little rooting in the living room. Perhaps everyone's mouth was too full. One of the boys said he wanted to see the Yankee game, which was on WABD. Dubin took a poll of sentiment. "The majority wants this game," he announced, "so I guess we keep it. That's democracy at work."

Ronald returned from the drugstore. "How many don't want ice cream?" Dubin asked. No one raised his hand. The ice cream was consumed, followed by a choice of grape juice or cream soda. That brought us to the middle of the sixth inning. The sixth was responsible for two of the most interesting moments of the game, pictorially speaking. The first came when a Brooklyn player was declared safe at first base, although the Philadelphia first baseman thought he was out. The television audience had no way of telling who was right, because the ball had not been visible, but most of our group took it for granted that the Brooklyn man was safe. The closeup camera had been on the play, and it stayed aimed at first while the first baseman threw the ball on the ground angrily and charged, bellowing, at the umpire. We could see the umpire bellow back, then turn and walk away. More angry Philadelphia players assembled, and the Philadelphia manager came out on the field to join the argument. What with the gesticulating and the soundless movements of the players' lips, it was like a scene in an overacted silent movie. When the fuss subsided, the camera followed the manager's outraged stalk down the foul line, in the course of which he stopped at the plate to tell the plate umpire his opinion. The second good closeup was of the Philadelphia second baseman fall-

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ing on his face to catch a line drive about a foot off the ground, then picking himself up to step on second base—which a Brooklyn runner had left when the ball was hit—for an unassisted double play.

During the eighth, Mrs. Dubin appeared with frankfurters for all, and Philadelphia tied the score. Most of the boys were so busy getting their hot dogs that they didn't see the run scored. The bottom of the eighth was devoted to the consumption of more grape juice and cream soda and to the banishment of Boots, the Boston terrier, who had been discovered eating what was left of the peanuts. No one else was hungry any more. During the ninth inning, the boys gave the game their undivided attention for the first time. Tommy, an anti-Dodger man, became quite vociferous. "Let's go, Howie! Blast an Old Goldie," he told the first Philadelphia batter. "Come on, Jeepo, let's get it, boy," he shouted to the second. These pleas, and more like them, were to no avail. In the Brooklyn half of the inning, a man got on base with two out, and the Dodger partisans in our group set up a fierce clatter. "Come on, Peewee," they begged the batter. "Please, Peewee." "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy instructed the Philadelphia pitcher. "This is no good for me heart," Ronald exclaimed. "What heart?" someone asked him. "Clank, clank, clank," said Ronald, pounding his chest. Peewee hit a fly ball that was easily caught. The score remained tied.

Philadelphia scored a run in the tenth, and Tommy was bouncing with pleasure. During the second half of the inning, there was an unceasing uproar in the living room. "Now, here's murderer's row coming up," said one of the Brooklyn men. "Boo, Schmidt! Who told you you could pitch? Hey, Schmidt! Boo!" another Dodger supporter cried. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy crooned. "Bend it in there, boy." "I think you're overworking that curve, kid," Billy said to him. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy repeated. The first batter was out. The second was given a base on balls, which heartened the Brooklyn contingent. Dixie Walker flied out to his brother Harry, who plays center field for Philadelphia. "Traitor," Ronald screamed at Harry. That made it two out and a man on first base. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Tommy murmured. The first pitch was a strike. "I demand a recount. Kill the umpire!" Ronald raged. The second pitch was a ball, and so were the third and fourth. The count was three and one. "Bend it

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in there, Freddy boy," Tommy implored, and everyone joined the invocation, the Brooklyn fans apparently in the hope that it would induce Freddy to give the batter a base on balls. "Bend it in there, Freddy boy," Ronald and all his friends repeated. "Bend it in there, boy." The batter hit the next pitch high in the air, foul, near the stands behind first base. With a fine closeup of the Philadelphia first baseman reaching into the box seats to catch the ball, the game ended in a victory for Philadelphia. Murney, a small, quiet boy in the front row, won the pool.

Within a few minutes, Ronald's friends were standing at the elevator, waiting to leave. "Don't forget, men," he called out to them. "Stop at your neighborhood grocer's and pick up a box of those delicious Post 40% Bran Flakes." —ROBERT RICE

•

LOST—I was in the middle of reading "Of Time and the River" by Thomas Wolfe. What happens in the last chapter? Better yet, please return to Jane Faires, ℅ Harbor Light, Easy Street.—*Adv. in the Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror.*

Well, in the last chapter there is this ship that is leaning against eternity, and some Americans approach it feeling a qualm along their loins. One of the people is a tall, sensual-looking woman who is in a hurry to find where her bed is located, but on the whole the crowd is rather silent and ready to die. "Oh, look!" somebody yells. Just then an ancient light falls on the coasts of evening, and one of the men happens to turn and see a woman he apparently hadn't noticed up to that point. It is unfortunate that he turns just when he does, because as soon as he sees her his spirit gets impaled on the knife of love and he can't shake it loose. The result is, the inviolability of youth gets broken, the woman starts beating in the pulses of his blood, then into the conduits of his heart, then begins stealing through the adits of his soul, and the first thing he knows she becomes a part of all he does and says. To make matters worse, whenever he touches any loveliness, she touches it, too. Another undesirable feature about this woman is that she has a million forms, whereas the man is fairly normal and has only one life. However, the whole collected passion of it gets hurled into the blazing certitude and immortal governance of love. After a while some proud, potent faces of rich Jews start glowing in the lighted cabins, the doors are closed, and somebody (presumably the captain) gives the ship to the darkness and the sea.

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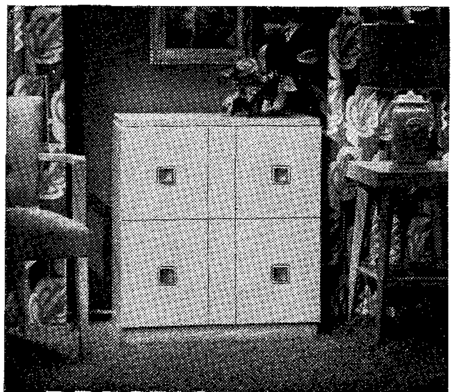

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SWORDSMAN

WILLIAMS lay on his cot, flat on his back, blowing smoke rings. He blew thick, heavy ones and they floated out low over his stomach and widened without losing form, breaking against his shins and the insteps of his boots. Williams was very much pleased with himself. By the time our outfit reached Japan, the worthwhile souvenirs—the real ones—had almost all been picked up, but Williams had managed to get himself a sword.

It lay beside him now on the cot, and occasionally he stroked the cross guard and twisted over on an elbow to study the metal cherry blossoms on it. Finally, he sat up, threw his cigarette on the floor, and stepped on it. He whipped the sword from its brown metal scabbard and began waving the long, frosted-steel blade in figure eights. It was curved slightly and its keen single edge caught the light in tiny, star-shaped bursts, so that bright spiders of light ran along it. The room the six of us were quartered in was fairly large, but at such times I wished it were larger.

"Watch that thing," Wilson said from the next cot.

"I'm watching it."

"He's been watching it ever since he got it," Cole said.

"So what?" Williams said.

"So you been watching it, that's all. Don't get your ugly-feathers up, honey boy. I just said you been watching it."

Williams carved a final figure eight, faster and bigger than the others. Then he slipped the sword back into its scabbard and lay down with it across his chest, stroking the small, hard tits of the sharkskin grip, smiling at the ceiling. The sword was one of those heavy ones with a ten-inch handle—the kind the Japs used to decapitate military prisoners. Williams had traded a couple of cartons of Chesterfields for it in town. Trading with cigarettes was against orders, so Williams had come back to the room walking funny, because the sword was stuck down his right pants leg.

All of us wanted the thing, but we belittled it in the hope that Williams would tire of it and sell it to one of us. Instead of tiring of it, however, he became more attached to it each day. He said there was a Jap in town who was going to teach him some secret tricks with it. Meantime, he held daily practice periods in the room, paying particular attention to footwork and little, if any, to his roommates, who flattened themselves against the walls and watched. One day, he wound up a practice stint by throwing our only candle into the air and slicing it in half.

At that time, there was a mouse that hung around our room a good deal, and Cole stewed up the idea of Williams' killing the mouse with the sword. I've wondered ever since if he didn't guess what was likely to happen.

THIS mouse was a brave little party. Sometimes he'd run out into the middle of the room and look us over, holding his tail parallel to the floor and as straight and motionless as a ruled pencil mark. During these risky patrols, he seldom hurried, unless we made a fast play for him. We figured he was really cool, not just a bush-league mouse trying to show off or a bored mouse looking for flashy thrills.

The mouse embarrassed Snowhite, the black cat that belonged to all six of us. When Snowhite was in the room, the mouse never showed, but sometimes the cat would come in and smell the obvious fact that the mouse had been there, and it seemed to affect her disposition. On these occasions, she refused to be petted, even by Williams, her favorite owner and constant champion. Actually, Williams had got so much into the habit of considering the cat's problems his own that the mouse was a sort of challenge to him. Cole played it that way. He got the thing started during one of Williams' shadow-slicing sessions.

"Not even the cat can stop that mouse," Cole said.

Williams was working with the sword, shuffling, feinting, swinging the blade in wide three-quarter circles, and making sharp, prizefighter noises through his nose. He ignored Cole. Then he held the sword downward before him with both hands, its point almost touching the shadow of the blade on the cement floor, and waggled it like a man judging range for a mashie-niblick shot.

"Anybody can chop a candle," Cole said. "But it takes a swordsman to chop a mouse."

Williams wheeled and sliced at a corner of his own foot locker. The blade was sharp. Its passage through the wood was almost noiseless, and the corner of the foot locker fell onto the floor, a small, green-painted pyramid with a clean-cut base.

"Anyone can chop a foot locker," Cole said.

Williams paused, resting the blade on his shoulder, and looked at Cole. "Bring on your mouse," Williams said.

"How am I going to bring him on?" Cole said.

Williams began swishing the sword at a crumpled ball of writing paper on the floor, and after a few tries he impaled it on the point of the blade and held it under Cole's nose.

"There's your goddam mouse," Williams said.

"That's a piece of paper," Cole said. "What kind of schools they got in Alabama, honey boy?"

Cole pretended to be tired of the conversation then, and after a contemptuous glance at the sword, he turned to Boydkin, who was polishing his boots, and began talking about name bands back in the States and how much he liked Glenn Miller's band.

"Glenn Miller's dead," Wagman said from the far end of the room.

"Shut up," Cole said.

"All right. But Glenn Miller's still dead," Wagman said.

Williams was too busy thinking about the mouse to care that someone had scored a point on Cole. He was standing near the foot of his cot looking at the ball of paper on the tip of his sword.

"How'd Glenn Miller die?" Cole asked Wagman.

"You told me to shut up."

"O.K., then, shut up," Cole said. He looked upset. You could tell that he hadn't known Glenn Miller was dead and that he wanted to know how it had happened. Cole generally knew things like that, and Wagman had thrown him off balance. Then Williams rescued him.

"About that mouse," he said.

"What about him?" Cole said, glad to stop thinking about Glenn Miller and his band.

"I'll just make you a little bet," Williams said. He stated recklessly that he would chop the mouse in half, or at any rate in two, within the next month. He offered to bet the sword against two cartons of Chesterfields, and Cole took him up in a hurry. Later that night, just before we turned in, I noticed Cole sitting at the foot of Wagman's cot. He was listening more than he was talking. He must have been learning a lot about Glenn Miller.

Williams had always been touchy about the sword. He'd refused to let

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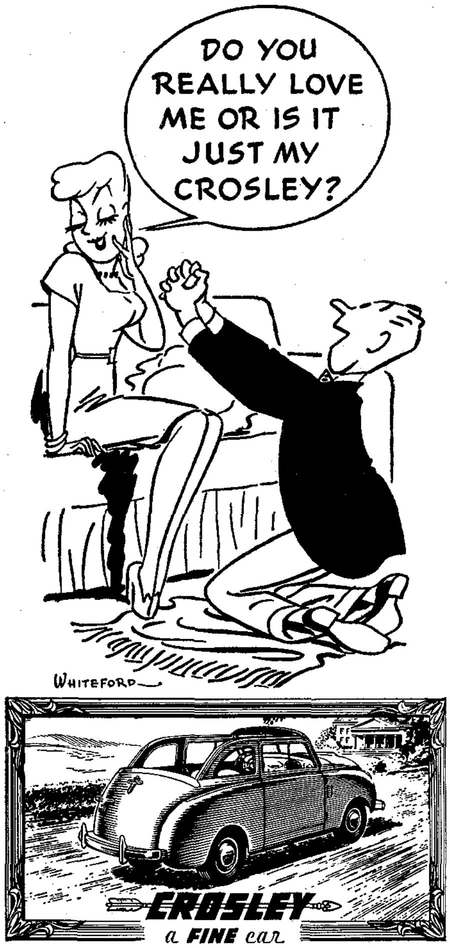
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us finger the blade, on the ground that acids from the human hand would corrode the steel. It was tempered just so, Williams said. All the molecules were aligned exactly right. But before he made the mouse bet, he had at least let us hold it by the handle and press the edge of the blade against the back of our heads. He said that was the way a swordsman tested the cutting edge. If the blade was sharp, it made a gritting noise as it cut through the hairs. I never could figure whether or not the blade of Williams' sword made a gritting noise against the back of my head. I was always so bothered for fear someone would bump it that I forgot to listen.

After the mouse bet, no one was allowed to touch the sword—blade, handle, or scabbard. Williams kept it in his barracks bag except during workouts. He practiced steadily with wadded paper balls until he could hit them every time, and then he got Wilson or Wagman to roll the paper balls past him, and he'd slice them as they rolled.

During the first week after the bet, the mouse showed three times, and once when Cole wasn't present Williams clipped off a fraction of its pencil-mark tail with a swing so fast you couldn't see the blade. He was in high spirits over his marksmanship, and he put the bit of gray tail in the fold of a note to Cole explaining how next time he would cut the mouse loose from the tail instead of cutting the tail loose from the mouse. Cole read the note but he was unimpressed.

THE fourth time the mouse showed was at night. Williams was lying on his cot and the rest of us were sitting or lying around the room.

"Stand back," Williams said.

We stood, and speedily. The mouse had run out to the center of the floor and seemed to be sizing us up. Its tail looked no shorter than before. Williams grappled with the fastenings of his barracks bag and then slid the sword out of the scabbard without taking the scabbard from the bag.

Swoosh! The mouse started away from Williams, then turned and shot past him.

Swish-sh! Williams missed again, but his pass headed the mouse off and sent him into a corner of the room. Then Williams began a series of wicked swings, working into the corner, but each time the very breath of the blade seemed to blow the mouse out of danger. Williams swung faster and faster, and the long, frosted blade made

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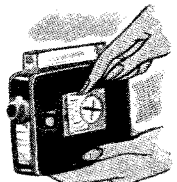

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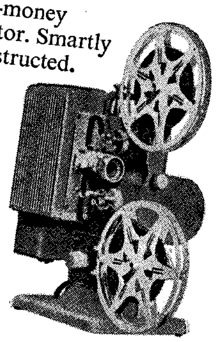

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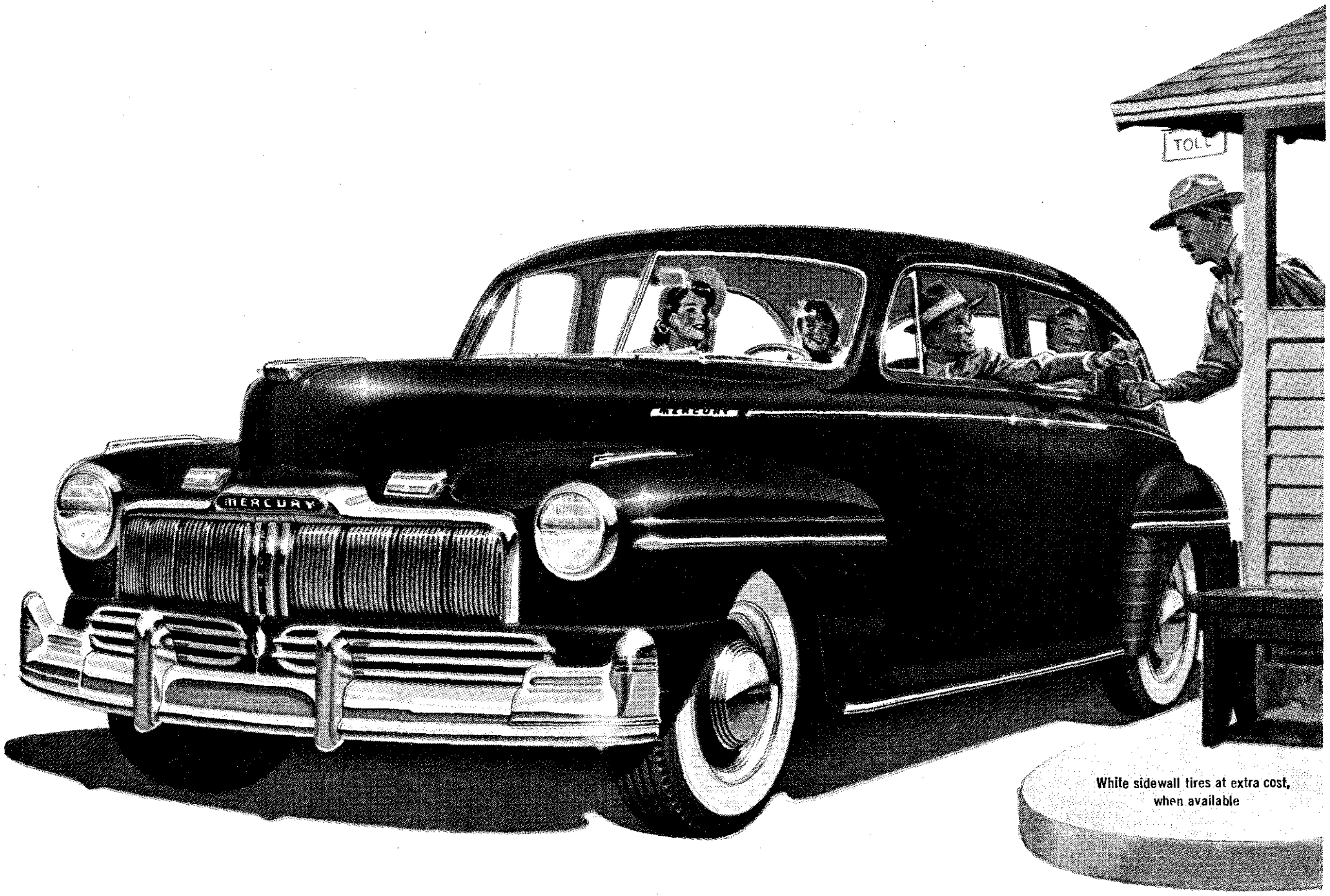
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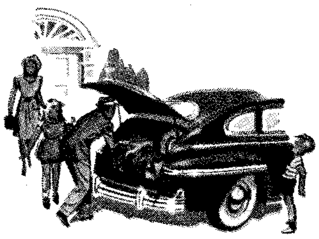

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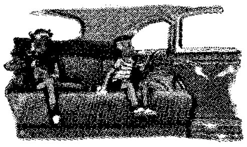

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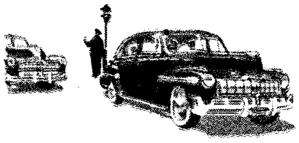

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bumblebee noises, while the mouse skidded, braked, skittered, and leaped, never able to get far out of the corner.

"You're hitting behind him," Cole said suddenly. "Come down on top of him and you got him."

Williams forgot the cement floor. He forgot everything but the mouse and Cole and his bet, and he raised the sword high above his head and brought it down on the floor. A spray of powdered cement flew up, and the mouse skated out of danger. Cole said, "Boy, you're sure jazzing up the molecules," and Williams stood for a moment looking at the sorry, bent piece of steel in his hand. He turned to go after the mouse again, but just then Snowhite came into the room and the mouse pulled out, disappearing in a long, curving streak that carried him under a clothes locker in the far corner.

I felt sorry for Williams. He grinned in a dazed way and walked to his cot and sat down. He looked at the gray, powder-covered blade, and then, for some reason, he smelled it. Cole left the room without comment. In fact, no one said anything. After a while, Williams threw the sword under his cot and went to bed. —ELLIOTT CHAZE

•

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—RICHARD ARMOUR

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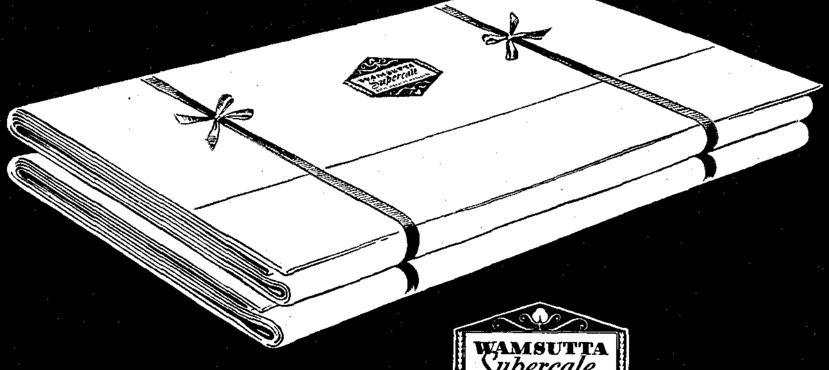

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

ANOTHER stunning English Decca album (EDA-29) has come along, the best example of recorded orchestral music I've listened to since I heard the same firm's "Petrouchka" set (EDA-2), issued last winter. This one contains Ravel's two "Daphnis et Chloé" suites, the first, and shorter, of which is seldom played because it is overshadowed by the more elaborate and better-rounded second suite. The suites are played by L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, conducted by Charles Münch, who made some notable guest appearances here last winter with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Though the performances are musically splendid, the chief attraction of English Decca recordings, as you probably know, is their remarkably faithful transmission of the special timbre and character of each instrument in the orchestra. Nothing could test this virtue more fully than the complex orchestrations of Stravinsky and Ravel, and "Daphnis et Chloé" comes through as brilliantly as "Petrouchka" did. The sound reaches you from a distance, in contrast to the technique used for our domestic product, which places you above, around, and even inside the orchestra, depending on the arrangement of microphones. The effect of this removal from the performance is to make the whole thing immeasurably clearer; no matter how heavy the tonal texture becomes, there is no distortion of sound, no bleating or rattling. Right here, I'd like to digress a bit to remark on an unsettling aspect of listening to Ravel's orchestral works. From time to time, I get the entirely unwelcome impression that I am hearing a current popular song, played by one of today's Kostelanetz-like orchestras, whose arrangers have left no grace note unturned in their beady-eyed investigation of Ravel's orchestral devices. It's too bad.

TWO thick new albums have turned up during the past few weeks. Both are Columbia sets—Handel's twelve Concerti Grossi, on twenty-five records, in three volumes (No. 685), and a complete performance of Verdi's "La Traviata," on fifteen records, in two volumes (OP-25). The Concerti Grossi are masterpieces, infinitely varied and rich in ideas, and of a sort that only a hell of a fellow could have tossed off, as Handel did, in a month. They are delicately executed by the Busch Chamber Players. The *concertino*, or group of solo instruments used to offset the main body, in this case consists of Adolf Busch and Ernest Drucker, violins; Hermann Busch, cello; and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, clavier.

Verdi's hit opera was recorded in Rome in 1945. The three principal roles—Violetta, Alfred, and the elder Germont—are filled, respectively, by Adriana Guerrini, soprano; Luigi Infantino, tenor; and Paolo Silveri, baritone. The chorus and orchestra, directed by Vincenzo Bellezza, are from the Rome Opera House. The presentation strikes me as being only fair. Miss Guerrini, who has a well-trained but somewhat expressionless voice, sounds rather inadequate in the first act but considerably better in the second. The second, of course, is the big act dramatically, and it is probably for this reason, and because the role of the elder Germont, who makes his benevolent but fateful entrance then, is such a sympathetic one, that so many baritones cop the show—as Silveri, to my way of thinking, does in this instance. He sings his soulful and manly music with magnificent control and warmth, despite an occasional curiously muffled tone, suggesting that he may have had a cold when the records were cut. Infantino, who made his American début last spring with the New York City Opera Company, I found average. I thought that Bellezza conducted quite well and that the orchestra sounded remarkably good.

RICHARD STRAUSS's suite "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," composed around two excerpts from Lully, for a Max Reinhardt production of the Molière comedy, turns up in a mettlesome performance by the Pittsburgh Symphony, under Fritz Reiner's direction (Columbia album 693). The slightly porcine elegance of the music, which is studded with seventeenth-century mannerisms, is in the composer's best light style and is often—particularly in the ninth, and closing, section, entitled "Dinner Music and Dance of the Kitchen Maids"—reminiscent of Strauss's magical opera "Der Rosenkavalier," which had its première a year before this suite was first performed. It is an artificial and exaggerated piece of music, but it is also captivating, and kinder in its satire and more romantic than the Molière play it complements.

DEBUSSY'S Sonata No. 3 for Violin and Piano, his last complete work, is played by Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus on three sides of a new two-record Columbia set (No. 280). On the fourth face, the two men undertake Ravel's "Berceuse sur le Nom de Fauré." The sonata is not one of Debussy's most arresting compositions, but it has a lovely middle section and is given a sensitive performance. The Ravel berceuse is stately and elegiac in character, and is competently done.

VICTOR has put together, in album No. 1128, some musical and spoken excerpts from Laurence Olivier's film version of "Henry V," and I'm doubtful about the result. Olivier reads most of the speeches in an intimate way, a practice that seemed suitable on the screen but that detracts from their effectiveness when heard on a phonograph. He lets go only at a few climactic points, and then it really sounds like Shakespeare. I prefer Maurice Evans' firm, highhanded way with the stuff. For the rest, there is William Walton's attractively pseudo-archaic score, which gets a couple of sides to itself besides flitting in and out of all the talk. Olivier gives an intelligent reading of the First Chorus speech, the St. Crispin's Day speech, and a few others.

I ENJOYED Jascha Heifetz's small album of violin transcriptions (Victor album 1126), which he made from nine short piano pieces by twentieth-century composers. Accompanied on the piano by Emanuel Bay, he turns out Bax's "Mediterranean," Poulenc's "Presto," Debussy's "La Chevelure," a Medtner "Fairy Tale," Ernesto Halffter's "Danza de la Gitana," two of Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" (Nos. 6 and 7), one of Rachmaninoff's "Etudes Tableaux" (No. 2, in C-major, from the second set), and "Tango"—an adaptation of one of Castelnuovo-Tedesco's two Shakespearean songs, "Two Maids Wooing," from "A Winter's Tale." —D. W.

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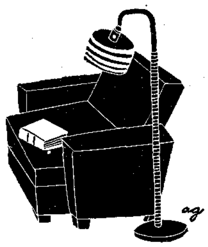
BOOKS

Wood Shavings and Strawberries



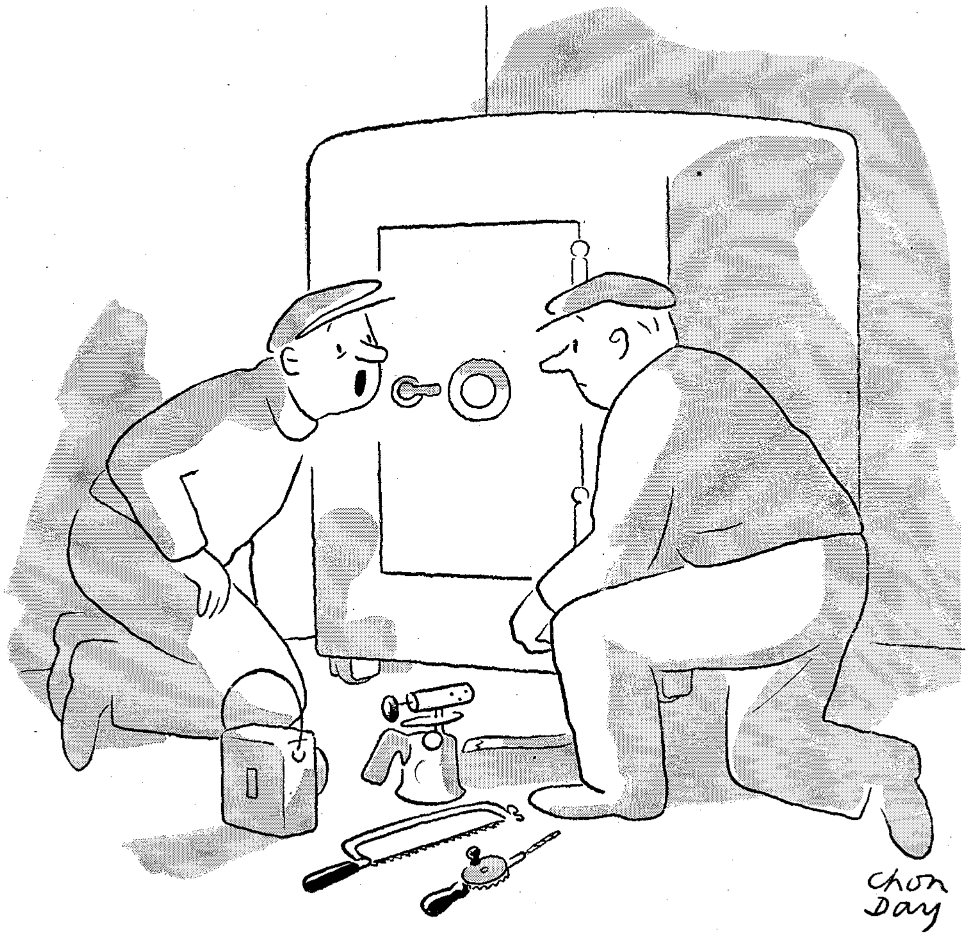
THE ingredients that have gone into "The Garretson Chronicle," by Gerald Warner Brace (Norton), are the same staples that have been used for a thousand other novels (or maybe it just seems that many) which have taken the story of a family for their theme. Experience has taught me to expect nothing to come of this formula except a bad case of apathy, but Mr. Brace has used it to produce an exceptionally good novel—the best novel, I would say, about New England, which is where the action takes place, since George Santayana's "The Last Puritan."

The members of Mr. Brace's family, the Garretsons, have been rooted for many generations in the Longfellow, Emerson, and George Apley country. The story—told in the first person by the youngest Garretson male, Ralph, who is, naturally, a rebel—is about the lives and fortunes of various members of the family over three generations. The bulk of the book is given over to Ralph, however. We see him through childhood and early sorrow, prep school and adolescence, young manhood and Harvard, love and marriage, until, at the end, he turns his back upon the obviously outmoded Garretson way of life and becomes the village carpenter.

Some readers, I suppose, must be wondering how anything worth looking into could have been made of such worn, hand-me-down subject matter as this. The answer, I think, is partly to be found in the old platitude to the effect that it is what a writer does with his material that counts, not the material itself, and partly in the fact that while Mr. Brace has called his book a novel, it reads like a volume of memoirs. The trouble with most autobiographical novels, which invariably begin with childhood and inevitably have a romantic rebel as the hero, is that they are fundamentally evasive. Pretending to come to grips with life, they wrestle only with the problems of fiction. Cyril Connolly, I believe, put his finger on the soft spots in these apples when he said that accounts of childhood in most cases do nothing but hold up the action of the novels into which they are introduced, and that the proper place for these recollections is not in fiction but in essays, poems, and memoirs. I don't know how much fiction there is in Mr. Brace's book (a good deal, I suspect), but it reads throughout as though it were a record of actual experiences, written by a man who is determined to be as honest as he can. The gain, because of this, is considerable. The chapters devoted to Ralph Garretson's childhood, for instance, instead of being the usual irrelevant wandering about in the past, become an essential part of the book's design. And the conflict between Ralph and his ineffectual, tradition-bound father, which might have been used once more as an easy, fictional device to show up the old man, is employed to deepen our understanding of the characters of both father and son.

The thing I most like about Mr. Brace, as a matter of fact, is that he doesn't shoot at sitting ducks. He can sight a stuffed shirt with an accuracy that Sinclair Lewis might wish for, but instead of following Mr. Lewis's method of blasting his quarry out of the water, he gets it fairly on the wing, in the cool, sober spirit of a scientist who needs a particular specimen in order to examine its wingspread, coloration, stomach contents, and pinfeathers. Along with this, I like the quiet, unobtrusive way Mr. Brace puts words together, the way he handles his love story, and the way he resolves Ralph Garretson's various problems by showing that, given his makeup and general character, his becoming a carpenter was not a sentimental gesture, or an equally sentimental joining of hands with the proletariat, but the only thing he could do. Mr. Brace's book is not a masterpiece by any means, but I enjoyed it thoroughly, and it struck me as being one of the few novels I have read in the past several years that were much too good to be taken up by any of the book clubs.

M. F. K. FISHER, whose first novel has just been published under the somewhat involved title "Not Now but *NOW*" (Viking), has written a number of books about food that are unique in that rather circumscribed field. Her gastronomical interest, which is evident throughout her novel, provides some mildly amusing lines, as

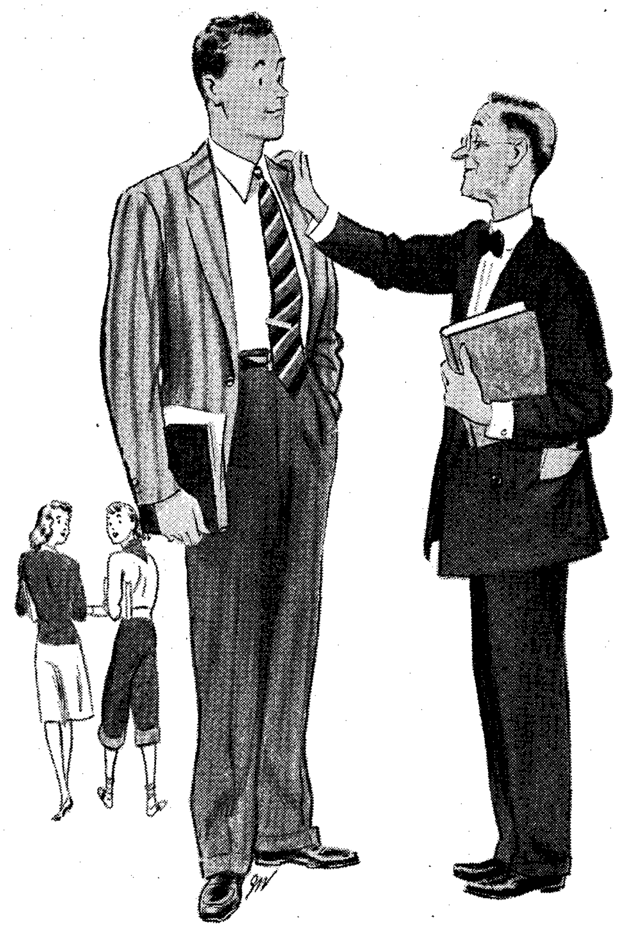


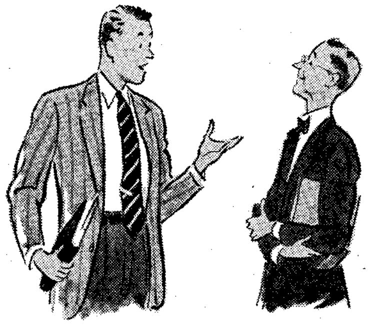
"I thought you had the know-how."

when she describes her heroine as being "like a basket full of ripe plump strawberries, with one more just this instant added on the top," but I don't think it lends a great deal to Mrs. Fisher's fiction.

Every novelist, in every novel, asks his readers to believe something or other, and what Mrs. Fisher asks us to believe is this: that a certain woman, Jennie by name, portrayed as being irresistibly charming and three times as evil as original sin, wrecks a number of lives. In order to believe this, it is obvious that we have to believe in Jennie. I will now try to describe her, using Mrs. Fisher's own language. Jennie, along with resembling a basket of strawberries, has "her own imperious fastidious belly and bowels," a "creamy" face that is sometimes brightened by a smile as "sweet and fresh as cream," and flesh that lies over her "fine singing bones like a mold made of cream, of satin, of the fumes of a long-gone brandy," and she once worked in a house in the red-light district of Virginia City, presumably the Nevada mining town. Being of a prosaic turn of mind, I was perfectly willing to accept this last piece of information, but I found the rest of it much, much too creamy to go down.

Jennie, when the book opens, has brought her fine, singing, satiny bones a long way from Virginia City. She has a mansion in California, an expensive pattern of living, a retinue of male and female admirers, and a set of attitudes that could have been borrowed from Joan Crawford trying to be soignée in an eighteen-room Sutton Place apartment. Bored, too. Jennie, according to her creator, is still ravishingly beautiful, fond of wearing tunics and snakeskin slippers ("Winters," writes Mrs. Fisher, "she wore black velvet trousers, quirkishly"), and just over thirty. By my arithmetic, however (which I am always inclined to apply to books of this sort), she comes closer to being a hundred and twenty-two. Here are the figures. Mrs. Fisher tells us that in 1847, long before her Virginia City days, Jennie was riding on a train to London. Now, since Jennie was already thirty at the time, she would have had to be born in 1817, or thereabouts. We meet the lady, on page 1 of Mrs. Fisher's novel (it is written, by the way, in a series of moviesque flashbacks, which the publishers seem to think is pretty advanced stuff), sometime after 1938—let's say 1939. *Ergo*, 1817 subtracted from 1939, or one hundred and twenty-two, or somebody old enough to have attended the inauguration of John Quincy





"Let's not mix our Geology with–er–ah–girls!"

NICK: Girls? Bu-bu-but, *Sir!* I wasn't doing anything wrong.

PROF: Perhaps not, my boy. But Nancy and er—that Jean devoted *my* lecture on Mesozoic Tectonics to observing you and discussing you—audibly. And favorably, I might add.

NICK: Ah—those kids! They talk-talk-talk-talk.

PROF: Quite so, Nick. But I dislike my discourses on Basalt structures to be broken by hoarse confidences anent your "good looks"—as they *were*. They admired your shirt collar, too.

NICK: This? Why, it's just an Arrow Collar, Professor. All the smart dressers wear 'em because they're the best lookers.

PROF: Is that so, now? But—er—as I was saying: I was discussing igneous Basalt . . . You know, Nick, that IS a striking shirt, if I may say so. That waist, for instance . . .

NICK: Yeah! That's the Arrow "Mitoga" trade-mark design. Follows your body's lines, see? Another thing about Arrows, Sir: they tote that Sanforized label. Means "fabric shrinkage held to 1%."

PROF: Does it, *really?* Nick, perhaps one day you would er—indicate the establishment where one purchases these fine shirts. What? You'll take me there *yourself?* GOOD! Thank you, my boy! Perhaps my girls will then pay a little attention to my lectures—

NICK: "Pay attention!" Professor, they'll CLIMB ON YOUR DESK! That's a promise!

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Adams. It may be, of course, that what Mrs. Fisher is trying to say is that evil is ageless and that Jennie, being the personification of evil, is ageless also, but since that is not a particularly novel idea, and since all that Mrs. Fisher brings to her treatment of it is a sort of brittle preciousness, I think we can dismiss the whole thing. Quirkishly.

—Hamilton Basso

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Tom-Walker, by Mari Sandoz (Dial). A three-generation novel, written in Miss Sandoz's usual hard-bitten style, that covers the period from the end of the Civil War to the present. The central figure is the tom-walker of the title, so named because he has a peg leg, having lost a leg fighting with Grant's army. You first meet him as he returns—a veteran, truculent and unsure of himself—to his Cincinnati home, where his father has grown rich by war profiteering. After making a marriage that seems to mean nothing to him, the tom-walker starts West in a covered wagon, as a patent-medicine salesman, and almost overnight develops from a frightened young man with a sense of inferiority into a rambunctious titan who becomes a legend of early Western history. The careers of a son and a grandson round out the chronicle, with the tom-walker living on to be a hundred years old, at the end of the second World War. There is a good deal of America in the book, and the narrative teems with violent energy, if not with life. For all the author's undoubted talent, she never quite makes you believe in the tom-walker as the whooping, riotous, gaudy old reprobate she tries so hard to create. It's all very well to be told that the one-legged hero is colossal, but he remains just a greatly enlarged snapshot of a mean old man.

The End of My Life, by Vance Bourjaily (Scribner). In this arresting first novel, Mr. Bourjaily follows the fortunes of a highly complex young American from a brief, idyllic love affair in Greenwich Village through the recent war as an ambulance driver in Syria and Italy. The young man is presented credibly enough as intelligent, emotionally unstable, and possessed of an almost uncontrollable death wish, but how he got that way the author does not disclose, or does he even appear to wonder. The narrative at times hits an undergraduate level, but Mr. Bourjaily is often startlingly perceptive, has a true sense of climax, and unquestionably knows how to write. His next book ought to be a lot more than merely promising.

Toward What Bright Land, by Walter Gilkyson (Scribner). A curiously old-fashioned novel that, beginning in the eighteen-sixties, chronicles in the greatest detail the boyhood, adolescence, and final coming of age of a wealthy Philadelphian. Mr. Gilkyson has not much that is original, or even important, to say, but he gives an interesting picture of upper-class American life in the last century, and there is something rather affecting in his naïve portrait of a high-minded youth who finds he is made of less heroic stuff than he had thought. Although the novel is leisurely beyond belief, the story is not dull. By the time you have reached page 400, it is not hard to imagine yourself cozily reading about these high-toned old Philadelphians forever.

Silver Nutmeg, by Norah Lofts (Doubleday). Miss Lofts deserves a not so gentle chiding for having abandoned her neat, unpretentious historical novels for this garish, get-it-all-in romance of the nutmeg trade in the Dutch East Indies of the seventeenth century. In a foreword, the author confesses that she knows little or nothing of either the nutmeg trade or the East Indies; nobody, though, can accuse her of not knowing a great deal about the tastes of the lending libraries.

Liffey Lane, by Maura Laverty (Longmans, Green). An innocent trifle, done without the slightest attempt at sub-surface writing, about a gentle child in a particularly grimy Dublin slum. You may be moved, though probably not deeply, by this picture of a genuinely sweet little girl, but, to tell the truth, Miss Laverty's brief novel would be just another sugarplum without her appealing use of the lovely Irish speech.

GENERAL

The Brazilians: People of Tomorrow, by Hernane Tavares de Sá (John Day). Dr. Tavares is a Brazilian lecturer and educator, the holder of a degree called *doctorat avec distinction en toutes les matières*, who has spent most of his time for the past five years or so trying to explain Brazilians and their ways to the citizens of this country, a task that has brought him before an impressive

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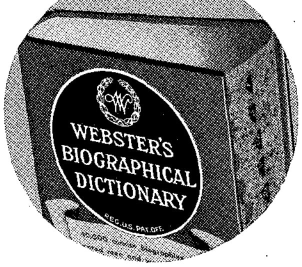

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number of university and civic gatherings in the United States, and even, on two or three occasions, into private audiences with such advanced students of Brazilian affairs as Nelson Rockefeller and Walt Disney. The author thinks that his countrymen have just about all they need in the way of living space and minerals, but he is afraid that unless something is done about illiteracy in Brazil and moving the national government into the backlands, away from the sin and foam of Rio de Janeiro, they may not be quite up to the role he predicts for them in the subtitle of this book.

SMOKE OVER BIRKENAU, by Seweryna Szmaglewska (Holt). A Polish woman's story, set down in both emotional and statistical terms, of the three years she spent in one of the departments of Oswiecim (Auschwitz, to the people who were running it), that finest penal flower of the S.S. mind. Miss Szmaglewska's description of this twentieth-century batch of Teutonic knights in the act of conscientiously shooting, gassing, and cremating their way toward a pure-Aryan rendezvous with destiny was singled out for special mention at the Nuremberg trials, where the standard for evidence of Nazi depravity was particularly high.

DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE IN THE CARIBBEAN, by Paul Blanshard (Macmillan). A reminder that the miserable white man has done a bad job in the Caribbean, too. Mr. Blanshard, a former member of our State Department and an adviser to the American section of the Caribbean Commission (an organization set up in 1942 by the bedevilled Western powers for the purpose of looking into the possibilities of regional economic and political coöperation among the six million restive, multicolored inhabitants of that area), is not at all pleased with what he saw during the considerable time he spent down there, but he doesn't believe that the empire nations should be too hasty about getting out. He wishes they would act as though they planned to go eventually, though.

AMERICAN MEMOIR, by Henry Seidel Canby (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Canby's refurbished and expanded report—revisions of two of his earlier books, plus considerable new material—on what he has seen of America's development while moving along with it on a course that, beginning at Wilmington, Delaware, in the late

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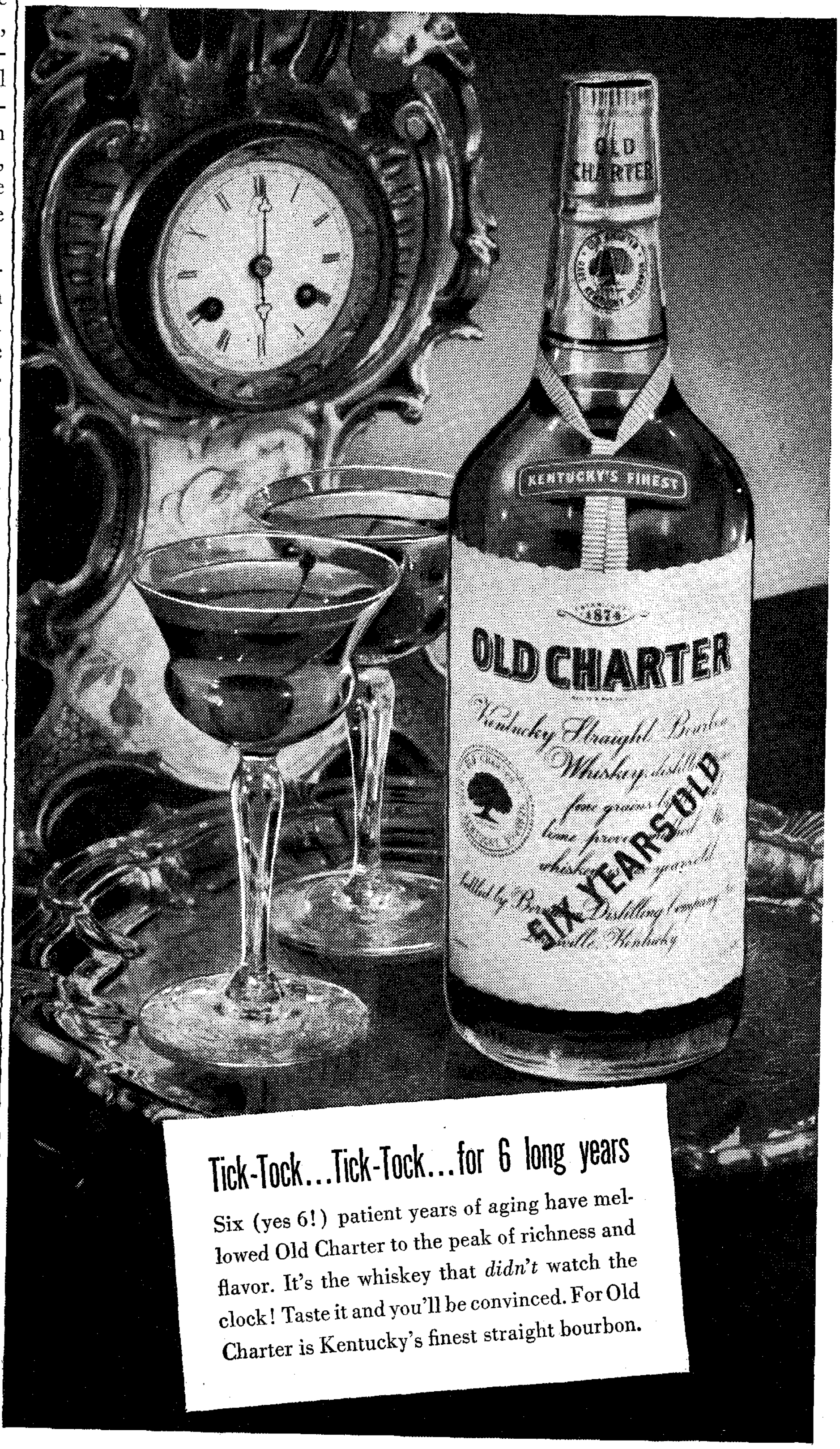

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NATIONAL GUARD BUREAU

nineteenth century, has brought him, by way of the faculty of Yale and the faculty of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, to his present position of curious eminence as chairman of the selection board for the Book-of-the-Month Club. Mainly notable for a serene defense of culture by mail order.

REILLY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, by Michael F. Reilly, as told to William J. Slocum (Simon & Schuster). Additional anecdotes and *mots* out of the F.D.R. era, as recalled by yet another who stood nearby. Mr. Reilly's account of the troubles and delights he lived through as the man in charge of the White House Secret Service detail during the New Deal and war years could hardly be described as the final historical document on those times, but for the sake of the score it should be noted as a vote cast against the interpretation of Franklin Roosevelt recently set forth by the disenchanted ex-Postmaster General.

PILGRIMS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME, by J. O. Bailey (Argus). After doing an M.A. thesis some years ago on the scientific novels of H. G. Wells, Mr. Bailey found himself so taken with the idea of whizzing about in fictional time machines that he went right on delving into the subject and finally ended up with this survey of the evolution and technique of scientific and utopian fiction. The result is an extremely thorough job (Bailey is probably as familiar as any man alive with the plots of seventeenth-century stories about flights to other planets), enthusiastic and noncritical in tone. Modern science fiction, the author concedes, is not exactly adult reading, but he feels that it has a healthy effect on "the young and impressionable," and possibly on their elders, too, in that it may cause them to ponder deeply on the merits of world peace.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DAY HE DIED, by Lewis Padgett (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A nice, young, feminine pulp writer gets very panicky, and with reason, when someone seems to be doctoring her sleeping pills, inserting plagiaristic passages in her manuscripts, turning on lights in her New York apartment, and in general playing hell with her career and her nervous system. Fortunately, after her former husband has died under suspicious circumstances, one of her more stable admirers comes to her aid and figures out the identity of the Incubus, which seems to be the pulp writer's term for murderer. Overwrought, and rather pretentious.

THE SCARF, by Robert Bloch (Dial). The case history of a young man who (in the remarkably muted words of the jacket blurbist) is "not quite normal." Daniel Morley, a novelist, because of an early, and very unusual, experience with his English teacher—a lady of amorous impulses—feels impelled to wrap his maroon knitted scarf about the neck of any young woman who especially appeals to him, and then to jot down his emotions in a notebook. In spite of this idiosyncrasy, he prospers until the mortality rate among his fiancées in half a dozen cities attracts attention out in Hollywood, where his maroon scarf is especially admired. Neatly plotted, with one of those endings that are ironic as all getout but not very convincing.

THE STRIPED SUITCASE, by Carol Carnac (Doubleday). Miss Elsaby Thorn, starting on her vacation, picks up the wrong suitcase at Paddington Station, and feels the heavy hand of Scotland Yard on her shoulder a bit later. Her dilemma, it develops, is the result of a jewel robbery, a murder, and some Nazi skulduggery, but thanks to the efforts of Chief Inspector Julian Rivers, Miss Thorn is cleared of any complicity in what turns out to be a complicated piece of intrigue. Pleasant reading, competently handled.

DETOUR TO OBLIVION, by Frederick C. Davis (Doubleday). Mrs. Cy Hatch, wife of the expert on forensic psychology, has a hunch that somebody at the Parkridge Galleries in New York has made away with her favorite Gauguin, which was stored for her, along with the Parkridge collection, in an out-of-town hideaway during the war. Sure enough, it is discovered that not only the Gauguin but the whole collection has vanished, as well as its curator—an occurrence that keeps the Hatches busy and in considerable peril for quite a while. All very satisfactory, once you're used to the comic manner of speech affected by Hatch's assistant.

•

Certainly every American should hope, with Ernest Bevin, Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, that there will be no great war for at least 40 years.—*Newport (R.I.) News.*

Anybody want to make it 41?

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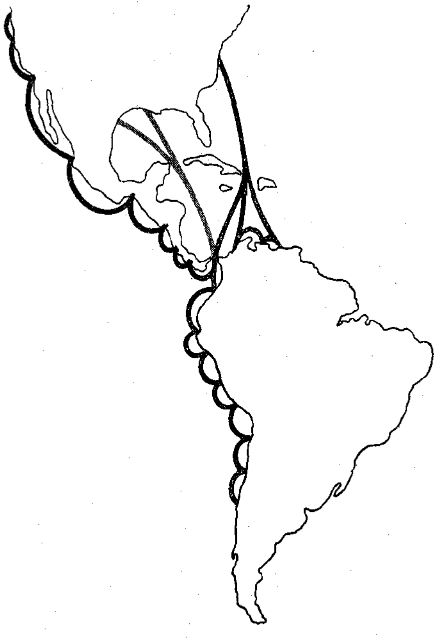

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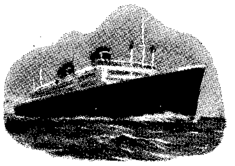

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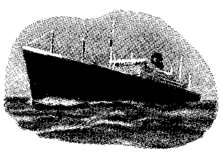

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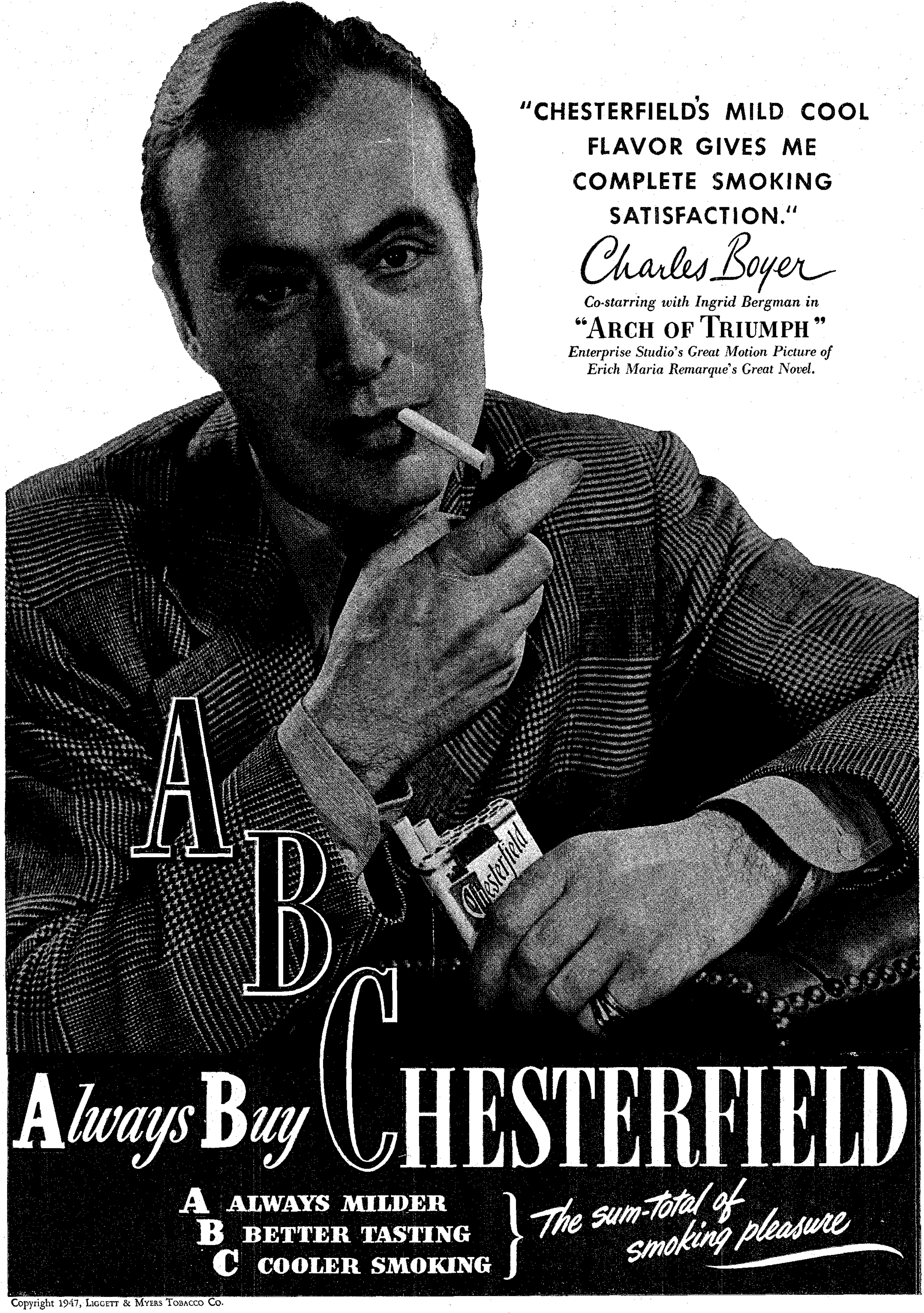
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